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BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.

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# Pictures from Punch

Lindley Sambourne

# PICTURES

FROM

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Vol. V.

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# PICTURES FROM "PUNCH"

THE FLY CATCHER.

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## THE ADVENTURES OF MISS LAVINIA BROUNJONES.

No. I.

MISS LAVINIA BROUNJONES PREPARES FOR A SKETCHING EXPEDITION IN THE HIGHLANDS. LEAVING THE BEATEN TRACK, SHE WILL ESTABLISH HERSELF IN SOME REMOTE FARMHOUSE WHERE SHE CAN FIND READY ACCESS TO FINE SCENERY AND QUIET OPPORTUNITIES FOR PRACTISING HER ART. SHE SUPERINTENDS THE PACKING UP OF A FEW NECESSARIES.

THE ADVENTURES OF MISS LAVINIA BROUNJONES.

No. II.

SETTLED IN HER COUNTRY LODGINGS, LAVINIA FINDS SHE HAS FORGOTTEN HER BATH, BUT HER INGENUITY ENABLES HER TO OVERCOME THE DIFFICULTY BY DEVELOPING THE RESOURCES OF THE PLACE.

# THE ADVENTURES OF MISS LAVINIA BROUNJONES.

No. III.

HAVING SECURED A MODEL FOR "THE FLOCKS" IN HER PICTURE OF "CATTLE LIFTING"—

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THE ADVENTURES OF MISS LAVINIA BROUNJONES.

No. IV.

—THE MODEL PROVES REFRACTORY!

THE ADVENTURES OF MISS LAVINIA BROUNJONES.

No. V.

OVERCOME BY FATIQUE AND EXCITEMENT, SHE HAS SLEPT PROFOUNDLY, BUT TOWARDS MORNING SUFFERED SEVERELY FROM NIGHTMARE. ON AWAKING, SHE FINDS HER MODEL WHERE SHE LEAST EXPECTED IT!

[Continued on page 16.

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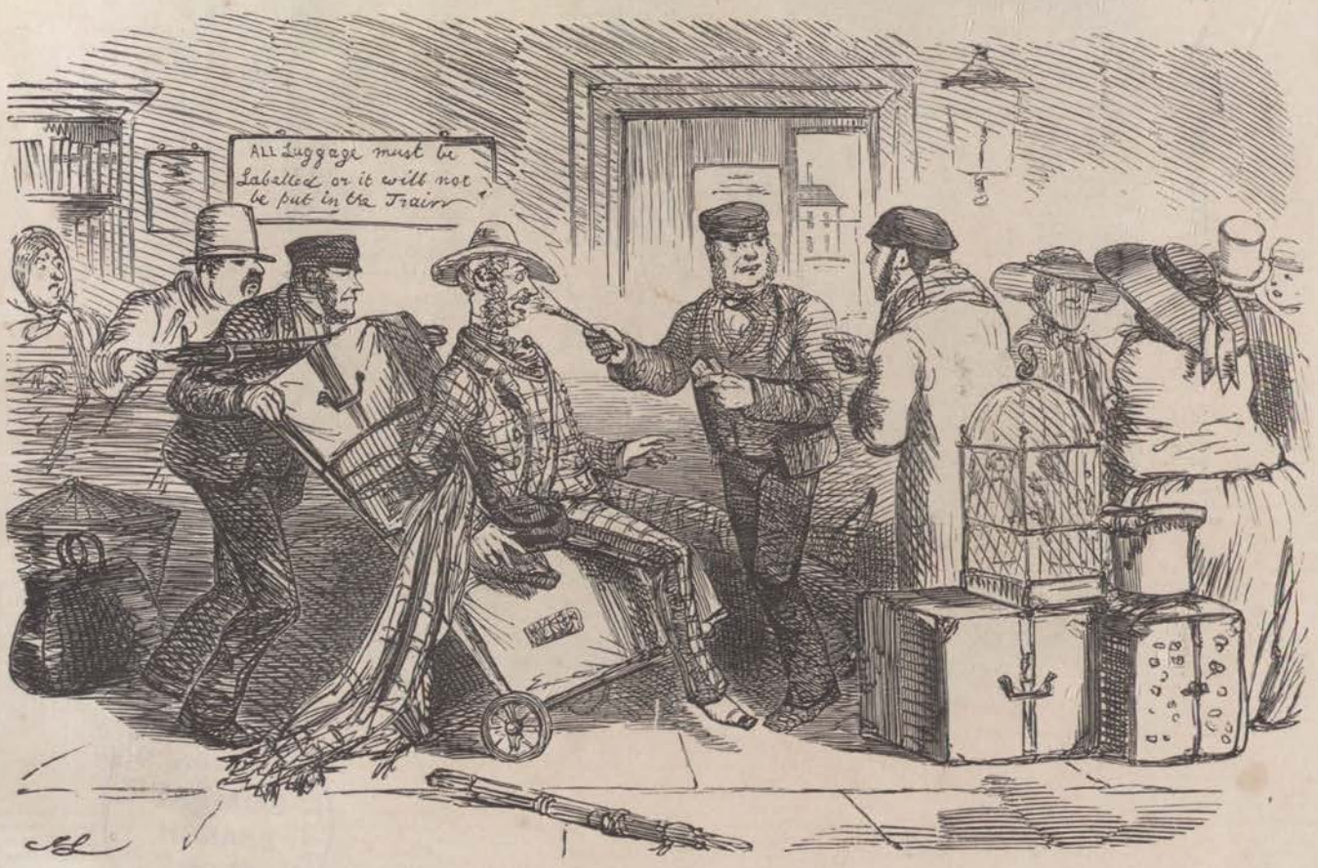
THE SEA-SIDE HAT—A HINT TO MATERFAMILIAS.




AWKWARD.

*Railway Porter.* "NOW THEN, SIR! BY YOUR LEAVE!"

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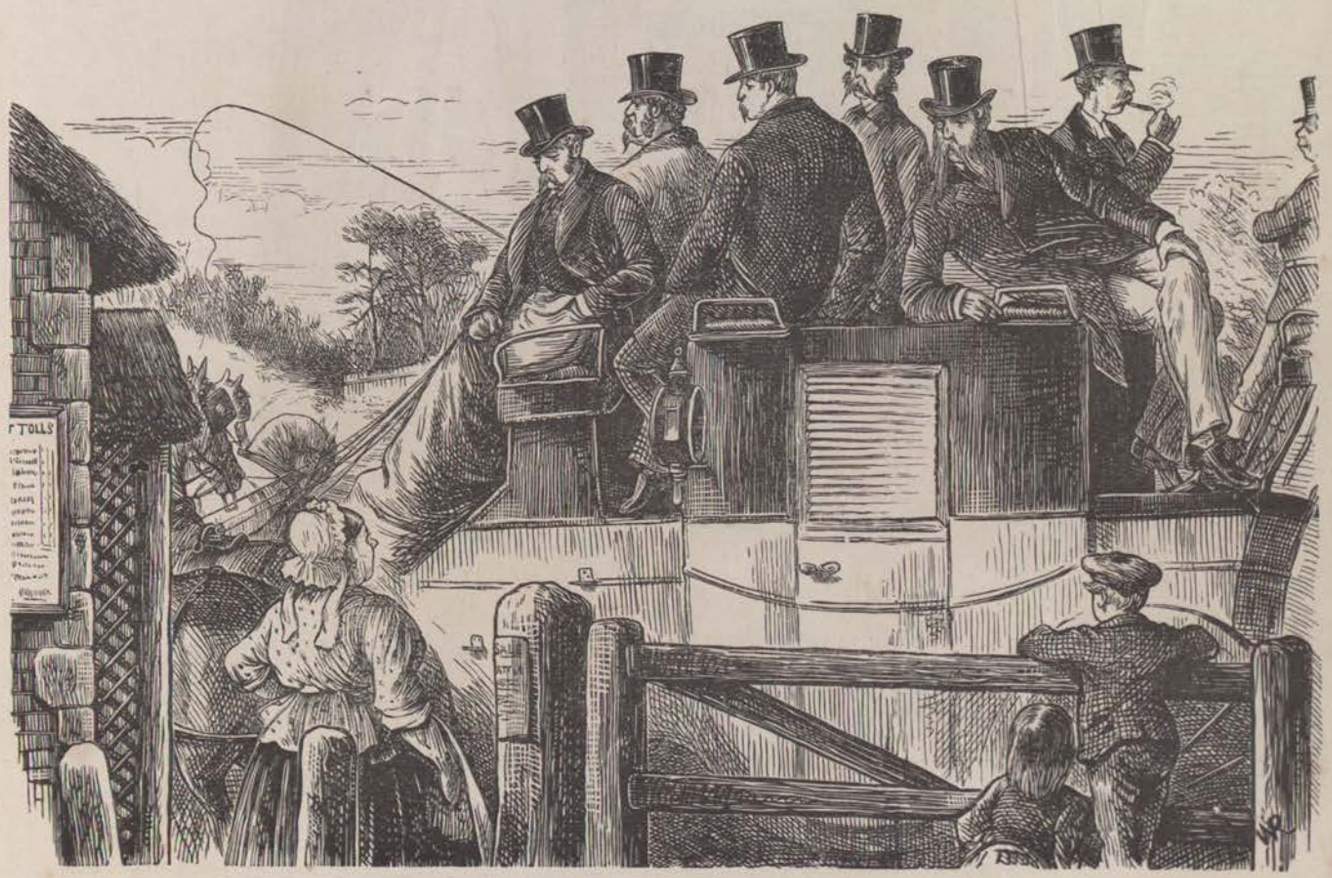
FORCIBLE.

*Successful Conductor.* "OH YES! THE LADY SENDS HER RESPECKFUL COMPLIMENTS, AND 'LL SEE YOU JOLLY WELL BLOWED FUST."



LORD TOMNODDY'S DRAG ON A NEW LINE OF COUNTRY.

*Pay-Master.* "HOW MUCH?"

*Toll-Keeper.* "WELL, WE CHARGE A SHULLIN' FOR A SHOWMAN'S CARRIWAN. I SUPPOSE YOU'RE SOMETHING IN THE CIRCUS LINE?"

## FLUNKEIANA.

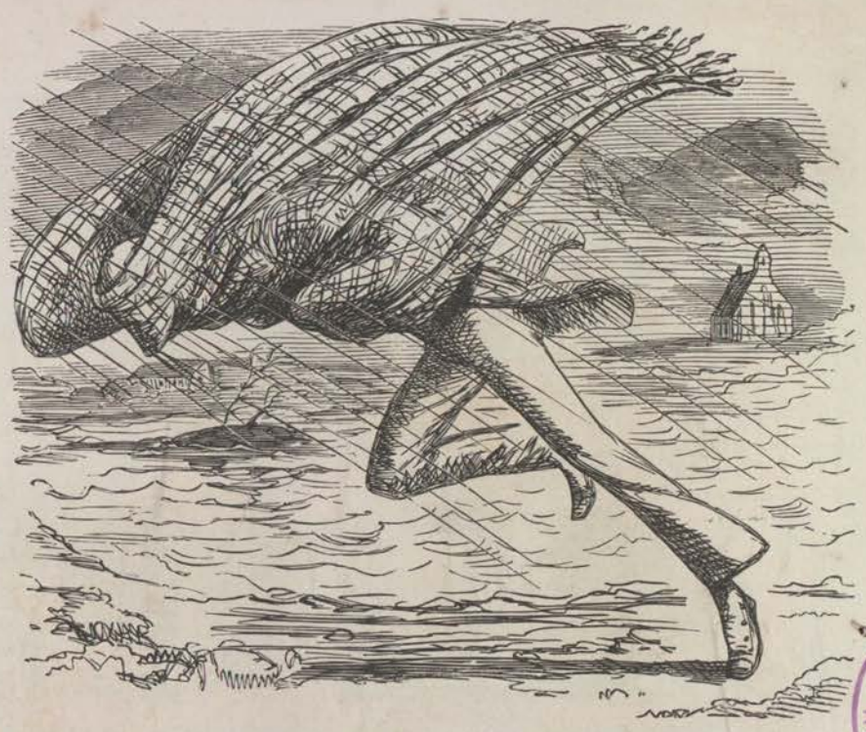
"PLEASE 'M, I WISH TO LEAVE THIS DAY MONTH!"

"VERY WELL, GEORGE; BUT WHAT IS YOUR REASON?"

"WELL, M'M, EVER SINCE I BEEN HERE I'VE ONLY 'AD BUTCHER'S MEAT ONCE A WEEK!"

"'ONCE A WEEK!' WHY, YOU HAVE BEEF EVERY SUNDAY, AND MUTTON EVERY DAY; TO SAY NOTHING OF HARES AND RABBITS AT SUPPER!"

'MASTER KILLS HIS OWN MUTTON, M'M. I DON'T CALL THAT BUTCHER'S MEAT!"



## A DOUBTFUL ADVANTAGE.

THIS IS THE PROTECTION A PLAID AFFORDS TO THOSE WHO DO NOT KNOW THE WAY TO CARRY IT.

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## THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

*British Tourist (to Fellow-Passenger, in mid-Channel).* "GOING ACROSS, I SUPPOSE?"

*Fellow-Passenger.* "YAAS. ARE YOU?"

## THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

*Whipper.* "WELL, I WEAR MINE BECAUSE IT SAVES TROUBLE, AND IS SO VERY 'EALTHY."

*Snapper.* "HAH, WELL THERE AINT NO 'UMBUG ABOUT ME; I WEAR MINE BECAUSE THEY LOOKS 'ANSOM, AND GOES DOWN WITH THE GALS."

## BUSINESS LIKE.

"I SAY, CHARLEY, DON'T YOU THINK YOU HAD BETTER GO BACK TO YOUR CUSTOMER?"

*Incipient Wine Merchant.* "NOT YET. ALWAYS GONE A QUARTER OF AN HOUR FOR THE *VERY* OLD PORT—FURTHER END OF THE CELLAR! CELLAR'S VERY EXTENSIVE! GREAT CARE NECESSARY FOR FEAR OF DISTURBING THE CRUST YOU KNOW—ET CÆTERA—TWIG?"

## PLEASANT!

*Affectionate little Wife (who has made many abortive attempts to fathom the secrets of Freemasonry).* "WELL, BUT, DEAR! TELL ME *ONE* THING. DO THEY PUT YOU INTO A COFFIN?"

## RELAXATION.

*Scene—Smoking Room. Country House.* 2·30 A.M.

*Country Friend (to Johnson, who has had a long tramp of it in the rain after wild birds).* "WELL, GOOD-NIGHT, OLD FELLOW! IF YOU WON'T HAVE ANOTHER WEED. REMEMBER!—CUB-HUNTING IN THE MORNING, HALF-PAST FIVE. DON'T BE LATE!"

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## AN ANXIETY.

*Aunty.* "WHY, LAURIE, YOU SEEM TO BE GROWING EVERY DAY!"
*Laurie (whose one idea is his Birthday next week).* "YES, AUNTY I'M AFRAID I SHALL BE SIX BEFORE MY BIRTHDAY!"

## A TROUBLED CONSCIENCE.

"MUMMY, I'VE GOT A WICKED THOUGHT!" "WHAT IS IT, DARLING?"
"I USED TO THINK YOU WERE THE MOST LOVELY WOMAN IN THE WORLD—AND NOW I DON'T!"

A NOBLE SPORTSMAN.

MR. TYMS HIRED A MOUNT WITH THE STAGHOUNDS, BUT QUICKLY CAME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT IT WAS A BRUTAL SHAME TO CHASE THE POOR DEER UP AND DOWN THOSE HORRIBLE BANKS.

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"BUT OH, IT WAS SUCH AN 'ORRIBLE TAIL!"

THE COMMON CRICKET, OR THANKYSIR IRRITANS.

"ON THE CHANCE."

*Young Mamma.* "WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE, MY GOOD MAN?"

*The "Good Man" (seeing she is not a Potato Customer).* "ONLY BOILING WATER, MA'AM. YOU SEE, THIS TIME O' YEAR, THE SEA GETS RATHER COLD, AND SOME OF THE LADIES ARE SO PARTICULAR ABOUT THEIR LITTLE TODDLEKINS, BLESS 'EM!"

*Young Mamma (struck with the idea).* "OH, THEN, PLEASE BE HERE TO-MORROW MORNING AT EIGHT O'CLOCK, AND BRING TWO CANS!"

*[At once tenders him a Shilling. Needless to say Our Artist was not up in time to see if appointment was kept punctually.*

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

*Professor Chatterleigh.* "BY GEORGE! I'M SO HUNGRY I CAN'T *TALK!*"
*Fair Hostess (on hospitable thoughts intent).* "OH, I'M *SO* GLAD!"

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A LARGE ORDER.

"WHAT CAN WE GET FOR YOU, MADAM?" "WINGS!"

# THE ADVENTURES OF MISS LAVINIA BROUNJONES.

No. VI.

LAVINIA ARRIVES AT A WATERFALL, AND ASKS ITS NAME. THE SHEPHERD (NOT UNDERSTANDING ENGLISH) INFORMS HER IN GAELIC THAT IT IS CALLED (AS LAVINIA SUPPOSES) "VICHAROOBASHALLOCHOGGILNABO." LAVINIA THINKS IT A VERY PRETTY NAME.

# THE ADVENTURES OF MISS LAVINIA BROUNJONES.

No. VII.

A BRIGHT IDEA STRIKES THE SHEPHERD, AND BEFORE LAVINIA CAN REMONSTRATE, HE TRANSPORTS HER, IN THE USUAL MANNER, TO THE OTHER SIDE.

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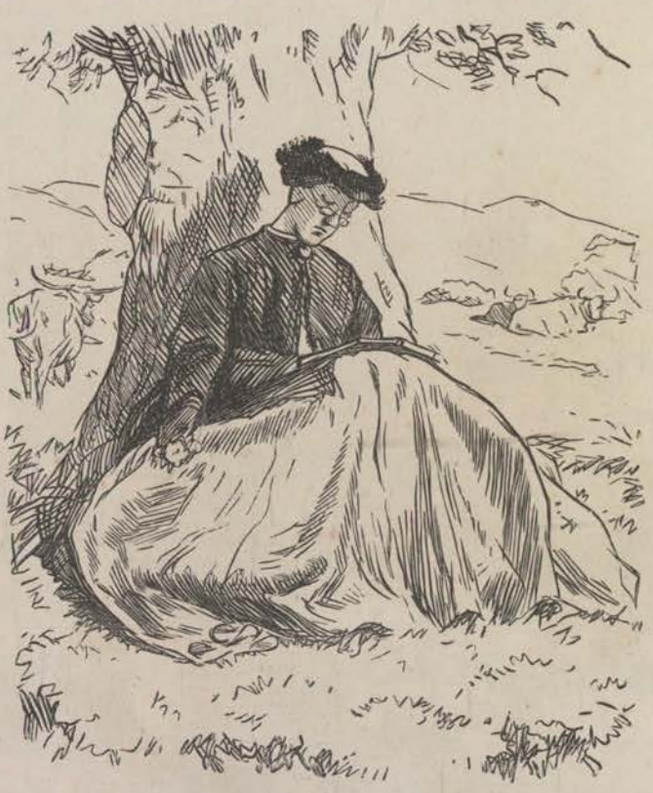
No. VIII.

SHE COMES SUDDENLY ON A STRANGE STRUCTURE—APPARENTLY A NATIVE FORT, AND IS JUST GOING TO SKETCH IT, WHEN A SAVAGE OF GIGANTIC STATURE, AND ARMED TO THE TEETH, STARTS FROM AN AMBUSH, AND MENACES HER IN GAELIC!



No. IX.—LAVINIA TAKES A SIESTA

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AND THE FRIGHTFUL SITUATION SHE FINDS HERSELF IN AT THE END OF IT.

THE ADVENTURES OF MISS LAVINIA BROUNJONES.

No. X.

THE RETURN HOME.

EVERY MAN TO HIS OWN CALLING.

*A Voice from the Neighbouring Cab-stand (excitedly)* "DON'T 'IT 'IM! DON'T 'IT 'IM! SIT ON 'IS 'ED!"

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IMPERTINENT CURIOSITY.

*Butcher Boy.* "IS IT FROM FREDERICK, MY DEAR?—*(Old Lady looks aghast.)*—IT IS! SHE SMILES!"

## MIGHT IS RIGHT.

*Van Driver.* "I DON'T KNOW NOTHUN ABOUT NO RIGHT SIDES, NOR WRONG SIDES. YOU GET OUT OF THE WAY, IF YER DON'T WANT TO BE MADE A WAFER OF!"

*[Where are the Police?*

## BLOODLESS SPORT.

"HULLO, BAGSTER! WHAT'S THE MATTER HERE, EH?"

"WELL, MY LORD, IT'S THIS WAY. THE CHILDER THEY'VE BROUGHT UP THE PHEASANTS BY HAND, AND THEY'RE THAT DISTRESSED ABOUT THE SHOOTIN', THAT MY MISSUS SHE'VE BROUGHT HER BEST CHANEY TEA SET, WHICH SHE'LL LET TOMMY HERE CHUCK 'EM UP FOR YOUR HONOURS TO SHOOT AT, IF SO BE THAT'LL DO INSTEAD OF THE BIRDS!"

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## CAUTION.

ALWAYS LOOK TO YOUR *OWN* GIRTHS, OR YOU MAY COME TO GRIEF LIKE YOUNG MILDWAY (WHO "SHOPS" FOR HIS SISTERS), WHEN HE MOUNTED IN THE HIGH STREET. JUST AS THOSE NICE GIRLS FROM THE GRANGE WERE LOOKING HIS WAY!

*Miss Tabitha.* "I WISH I COULD MAKE UP MY MIND WHICH TO TAKE, MR. SADLER! THE WIRE NETWORK IS *SAFER*, BUT THEN THE BROWN LEATHER WITH LITTLE BRASS KNOBS IS SO *MUCH MORE BECOMING* — AND, *BY JUST SNIPPING IT AT THE END*, YOU KNOW, *YOU LEAVE ALL THE FREEDOM NECESSARY FOR SELF-DEFENCE!*"

L'EMBARRAS DU CHOIX.

HOW TO SPEND A PLEASANT EVENING!

"FOR THE PURPOSES OF THIS PRODUCTION THE ORCHESTRA HAS BEEN ENLARGED, SO THAT SOME OF THE INSTRUMENTALISTS HAD TO SIT AMONG THE AUDIENCE IN THE STALLS."

## IN THE RUE DE LA PAIX.

*Hairdresser.* "SAY THEN, SARE, ZAT YOU ARE RASÉ—SHAVE,—IS IT THAT I SHALL CUT YOU OFF YOUR 'AIR?"

*Mr. Brown (an old-fashioned Englishman, on his first Visit to Paris—startled).* "HEY! WHAT! CUT MY HAIR OFF! NONG, MOSSOO—COMPRENNY?—NONG! DO YOU THINK I WANT TO LOOK LIKE ONE OF YOUR FRENCH POODLES?"

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## PRIMITIVE ARITHMETIC.

*New Mistress.* "AND WHAT WAGES DO YOU EXPECT?"

*New Cook.* "WELL, MUM, IT DEPENDS ON THE STYLE YOU LIVE IN. IF I'M TO DO THE DINING-ROOM, ENTRANCE 'ALL AND DOORSTEP, AS WELL AS THE COOKING, LIKE IN A MIDDLE CLASS 'OUSE—TWENTY POUNDS A YEAR. BUT IF I'M TO HAVE A KITCHEN-MAID TO 'ELP, AND NOTHING BUT THE COOKING TO ATTEND TO, LIKE IN A *GENTLEMAN'S 'OUSE*, I SHALL REQUIRE FORTY!"

## WASTED SWEETNESS.

A HEARTRENDING STUDY OF SHADOW ON THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY!

## TOO PARTICULAR.

"LOOK HERE—CONFOUND IT, ISAACSON! YOU'VE PLAYED ME A PRETTY TRICK WITH THIS ANCESTOR YOU SOLD ME! SHOWED IT TO A FRIEND YESTERDAY, AND TOLD HIM IT WAS THE PORTRAIT OF MY ANCESTOR WHO CAME OVER WITH WILLIAM THE FIRST; AND HE SAID, 'WHAT A FUNNY THING HE SHOULD HAVE DRESSED HIMSELF IN THE STYLE OF WILLIAM THE FOURTH!'"

"VELL, THAT'TH NOTHING. I JETH MADE A MITHTAKE OF A FEW YEARTH—VILLIAM THE FIRTHT AND VILLIAM THE FOURTH; ONLY HITH GREAT-GRANDTHON!"

*She.* "WE EXPECTED YOU TO DINNER LAST NIGHT, HERR PROFESSOR. WE WAITED HALF AN HOUR FOR YOU. I HOPE IT WAS NOT *ILLNESS* THAT PREVENTED YOU FROM COMING?"

*He.* "ACH, NO! I VAS NOT HONGRY!"

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## THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

## A NUISANCE.

*Miss Priscilla.* "YES; IT'S A BEAUTIFUL VIEW. BUT TOURISTS ARE IN THE HABIT OF BATHING ON THE OPPOSITE SHORE, AND THAT'S RATHER A DRAWBACK."

*Fair Visitor.* "DEAR ME! BUT AT SUCH A DISTANCE AS THAT—SURELY——"

*Miss Priscilla.* "AH, BUT WITH A *TELESCOPE*, YOU KNOW!"

## HYPERBOLE.

*Saxon Sportsman.* "ANY SNIPE ABOUT HERE, MY MAN?"

*Pat.* "SNIPES, IS IT?! FAIX, THEY'RE GINERALLY JOSTLIN' 'ACH OTHER HEREABOUTS!"

## "THE BURNING QUESTION."

*Politician.* "BUT I SUPPOSE, MR. BUNTLING, YOU ARE IN FAVOUR OF THE EXTENSION OF THE FRANCHISE?"

*Mr. B.* "THE FRENCHEESE! NA, NA! GODLESS BODIES! A'LL HAE NAE-THIN' A DEE WI' THEM!!"

## THE TENANTS' DINNER.

*Old Turniptops (after swallowing with much relish a glass of my Lord Broadacres' best Curaçoa.)*
"OI ZAY, YOUNG MAN! OI'LL TAK ZUM O' THAT IN A MOOG!"

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## SOCIAL MISERIES.

*Uncle (on a Visit).* "LOD, I'M RAETHER LATE; BUT I THOCHT I HAD LOST THE KEY O' MA TRUNK WI' MA SUNDAY CLAES IN'T."
*Chorus.* "WHY, UNCLE! YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO CHURCH IN SUCH A COAT AS THAT!!!"

TOO BAD!

*Burglar (who is particular on the subject of Sherry).* "MARSALA, BY JINGO!"

THE CONVENIENCE OF A CRINOLINE. A WARNING TO MOTHERS.

*Troublesome Parent.* "WHO WAS MAKING THAT NOISE, CLARA?"
*Clara.* "ONLY ME AND *MOUSTACHE*, MAMMA!"

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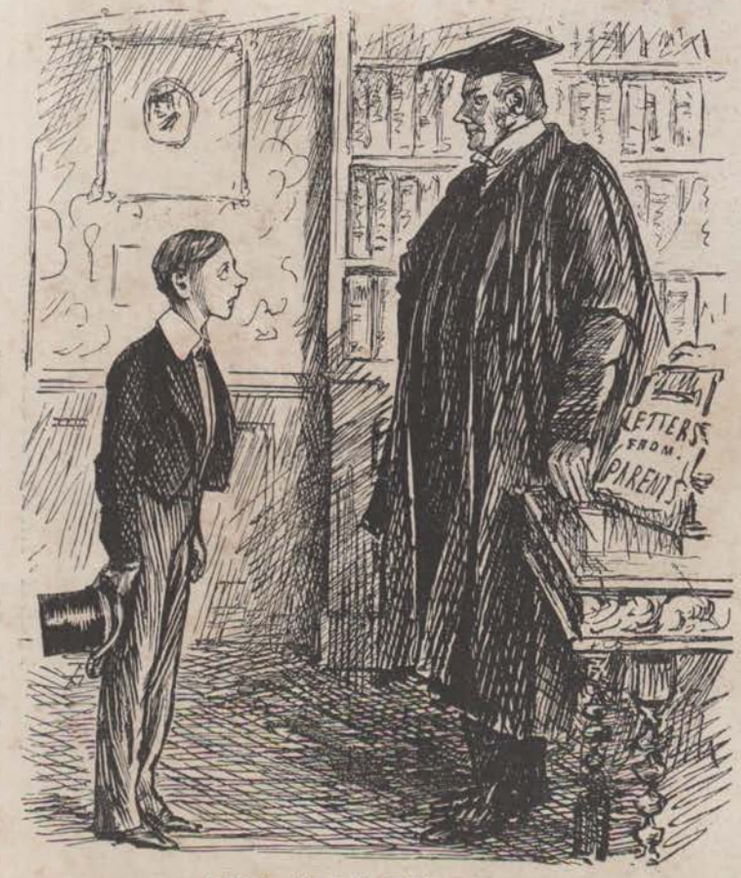
MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

*Enthusiast.* "THIS IS REALLY ADMIRABLE!—I GET MY SWIM—AND A SHOWER BATH IN!"

IRISH LAKE-FISHING.

*Mr. Briggs.* "BUT THE BOAT SEEMS VERY LEAKY, AND TO WANT MENDING A GOOD DEAL."

*Boatman.* "WANT MENDIN' IS IT? OH, NIVER FEAR! SHURE THE BOAT'S WELL ENOUGH. IF YE SIT STILL, AND DON'T COFF OR SNAZE, SHE'LL CARRY YE PRETTY WELL!"




THE NEW TYRANNY.

"OF COURSE YOU NEEDN'T *WORK*, FITZMILKSOPPE; BUT *PLAY* YOU *MUST* AND *SHALL!*"

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

"AH, SIR, WE DON'T OFTEN GET A LEG LIKE *YOURS* TO FIT! THERE'S SOME *CREDIT* IN FITTING A LEG LIKE YOURS, I CAN *TELL* YOU!"

"EXCHANGE IS NO ROBBERY."

*Mistress (who will be constantly in the kitchen).* "WHY, COOK, I'VE LOOKED EVERYWHERE FOR YOU DOWNSTAIRS. HOW *CARE* YOU BE SITTING THERE?"

*Cook.* "WELL, YOU SEE, MUM, AS YOU PREFERS A TAKING MY PLACE IN THE KITCHEN, I'VE TAKEN YOURS 'ERE."

BEHIND TIME.

*Ticket Collector.* "THIS YOUR BOY, MUM? HE'S TOO BIG FOR A 'ALF TICKET!"

*Mother (down upon him).* "OH, IS HE? WELL, P'RHAPS HE IS *NOW*, MISTER; BUT HE WASN'T WHEN WE STARTED. THIS 'XCURSION'S EVER SO MANY HOURS BE'IND TIME, AN' HE'S A GROWIN' LAD! SO NOW!" *[Exit in triumph.*

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WEIGHT AND MEASURE.

"QUITE FULL, MARM. MIGHT HAVE SQOOGED THE CHILD IN, BUT YOU'RE ABOUT A HOUNCE AND A 'ARF TOO LARGE."

QUEEN'S ENGLISH.

*Old Gentleman (who has a sensitive ear for Grammar).* "MY DEARS, THERE'S YOUR MOTHER CALLING YOU."

*Wild Boy of the West.* "O, HER AIN'T A CALLIN' O' WE; US DON'T BELONG TO SHE."

## YOUNG HOPEFUL.

*Fond Mother.* "WHY, HE DOESN'T WRITE VERY WELL YET, BUT HE GETS ON NICELY WITH HIS SPELLING. COME, ALEXANDER, WHAT DOES D. O. G. SPELL?"

*Infant Prodigy (with extraordinary quickness).* "CAT!"

## OUR ARTIST.

"IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, HERE'S THE PRINTER'S BOY CALLED AGAIN!"

"OH, BOTHER! SAY, I'M BUSY."

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## A COMFORTABLE REFLECTION.

"THESE DRESSES ARE VERY WELL IN THEIR WAY, BUT THEY MAKE US ALL APPEAR THE SAME SIZE. WHY, A GIRL MIGHT BE AS THIN AS A WHIPPING-POST, AND YET BE TAKEN FOR A DECENT FIGURE."

## SWEET SIMPLICITY.

*Diffident Man (who does not know to how much of an Ingénue he is talking).* "HAVE YOU BEEN OUT LONG, MISS GRACE?"

*Miss Grace (consulting her wrist-strap).* "OH, ABOUT THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR. YOU SEE WE WERE ASKED TO COME PUNCTUALLY."

## A WEIGHTY PROSPECT.

*The Captain (who has just been giving a spin to his last purchase, for his Wife's inspection).* "GOOD GOER, AIN'T HE? AND A FULL FOURTEEN-STONE HORSE, YOU KNOW!"

*Young Wife (as yet somewhat innocent in horsey matters).* "OH, I'M SURE HE'S *MORE* THAN THAT, DEAR. WHY, *MAMMA* WEIGHS NEARLY AS MUCH!"

## AWKWARDLY EXPRESSED.

*(A Cosy Corner in a Country House.)*

*Hostess.* "THIS *IS* GOOD OF YOU, MAJOR GREY! WHEN I WROTE I NEVER EXPECTED FOR A *MOMENT* THAT YOU WOULD COME!"

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## "HOW IT'S DONE!"

*(Hard on Sketchley, who was there at the time and in the thick of it, and has just had his Picture photographed.)*

"OH! MR. SKETCHLEY, HOW CLEVER OF YOU TO PAINT SUCH A LARGE PICTURE FROM SUCH A SMALL PHOTOGRAPH!"

## COMPREHENSIVE.

"WHAT'S *VOLAFUK*, DOCTOR SCHMITZ?"

"IT IS ZE UNIFERSAL LANGVAGE!"

"AND WHO SPEAKS IT?" "NOPOTTY!"

## HAPPY THOUGHT.

"WHY, MY BOY, YOU'VE SPELT WINDOW WITHOUT AN *N!* DON'T YOU KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A *WINDOW* AND A *WIDOW?*"

"YES, SIR. YOU CAN SEE THROUGH *ONE*—AND—AND—YOU CAN'T SEE THROUGH THE *OTHER*, SIR!"

REAL SYMPATHY.

*'Arry (reading account of the War in the East).* "OW, I S'Y, 'ARRIET, THEY'VE BIN AN' TOOK OLD LI 'UNG CHANG'S THREE-HEYED PEACOCK'S FEATHERS ALL OFF 'IM!"

*'Arriet (compassionately).* "PORE OLD FELLER!"

AN INFORMAL INTRODUCTION.

*'Arry (shouting across the street to his "Pal").* "HI! BILL! THIS IS 'ER!"

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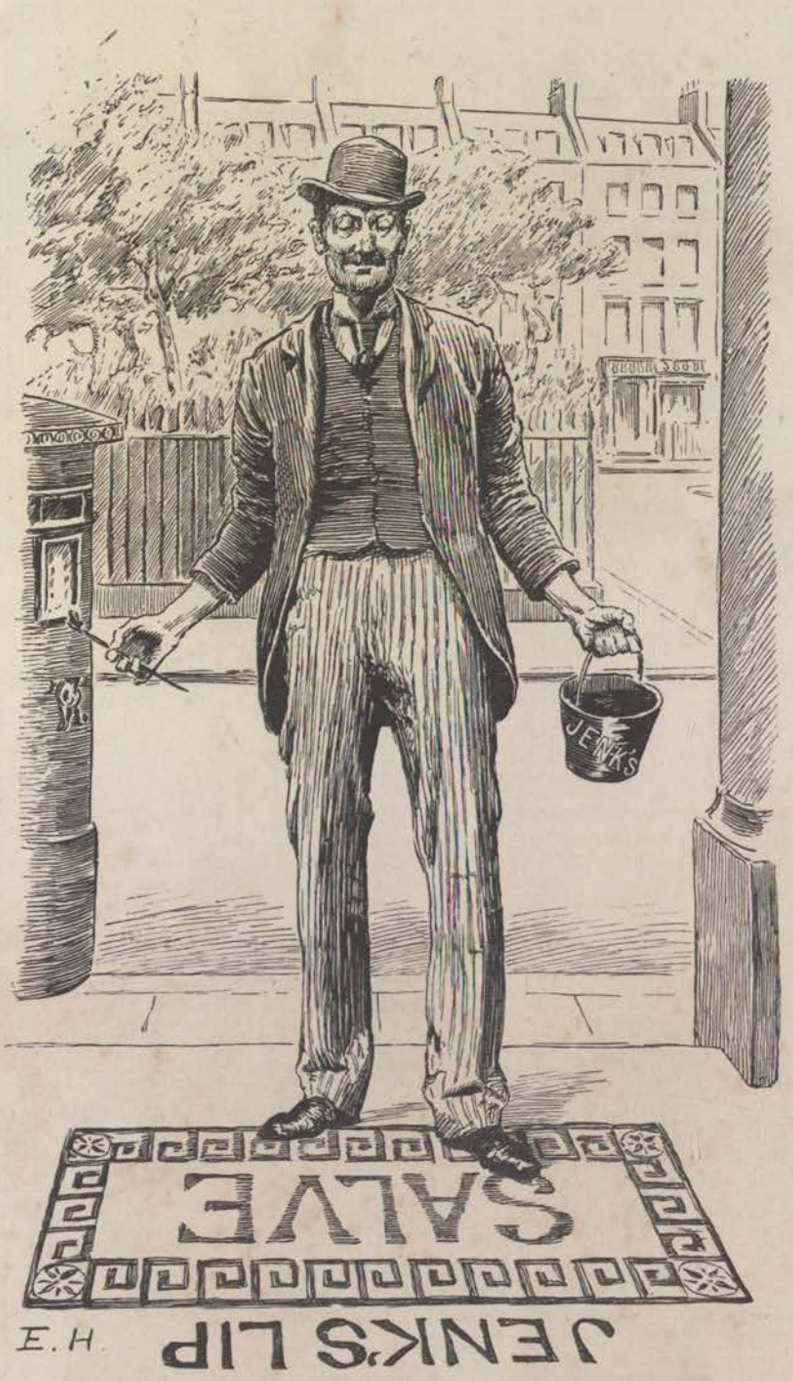


COMMERCIAL INSTINCT.

*Original Genius (soliloquising).* "LOR, IT 'ID BIN A CROOL SHAME TO MISS AN OPPORTUNITY LIKE THIS 'ERE. THE GOV'NOR OUGHTER LEMME 'AVE TEN BOB ON THAT JOB!"

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## CHRONIC!

*Customer (coughing).* "HAVE YOU ANYTHING YOU CAN RECOMMEND FOR BRONCHITIS?"

*Polite Chemist.* "CERTAINLY, SIR. THE VERY THING! FINEST REMEDY IN THE WORLD, SIR—SEND IT ALL OVER THE COUNTRY! GE'TLEMAN IN WALES, SIR—NEVER WITHOUT A BOTTLE—EIGHT BOTTLES A MONTH, SIR. HE'LL TAKE SOMETIMES!" *[Exit Customer, hastily.*

## THE NE PLUS ULTRA.

*Jeames I.* "VERY DANGEROUS PARTIES THESE HUNEMPLOYED! WHY, THEY'RE A BEGINNIN' TO DENOUNCE *HUS!*"

*Jeames II.* "*NO!*"

## FELICITOUS QUOTATIONS.

"OH, ROBERT, THE GROUSE HAS BEEN KEPT TOO LONG! I WONDER YOU CAN EAT IT!"

"MY DEAR, 'WE NEEDS MUST LOVE THE HIGHEST WHEN WE SEE IT!'"

*(Guinevere.)*

## A POSER.

*Fair Client.* "I'M ALWAYS PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE SAME SIDE, BUT I FORGET WHICH!"

*Scotch Photographer (reflectively).* "WELL, IT'LL NO BE *THIS* SIDE, I'M THINKIN' MAYDE IT'S T'ITHER!"

## AN EXAMPLE!

*Grandpapa.* "NOT HALF A GLASS O' WINE! WHY, YOU'RE NOT A 'TOTAL ABSTAINER,' ARE YOU?"

*Tommy.* "OH, YES, GRAN'PA'—HAVE BEEN *FOR YEARS!*"

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## SUCH IMPUDENCE.

*Lady.* "NO, I'VE NOTHING FOR YOU. YOU ALWAYS ASK ME EVERY TIME I CROSS."

*Boy.* "YES, AND EVERY TIME YOU CROSSES, YOU ALLUS GIVES ME NOTHINK!"

## DELICATE CONSIDERATION.

"AUNTY DEAR, I WANT TO WHISPER—YOU SEE THESE FAT GREY LUMPS IN MY MOCK-TURTLE SOUP? WELL, DO YOU THINK THE WAITER WOULD BE OFFENDED IF I WERE TO *LEAVE* THEM?"

## APPRECIATION OF NATURE.

*Mistress.* "ARE NOT THESE LOVELY FLOWERS, NURSE?"
*Nurse.* "THEY BE, INDEED, MA'AM! EQUAL TO THE BEST ARTIFICIALS!"

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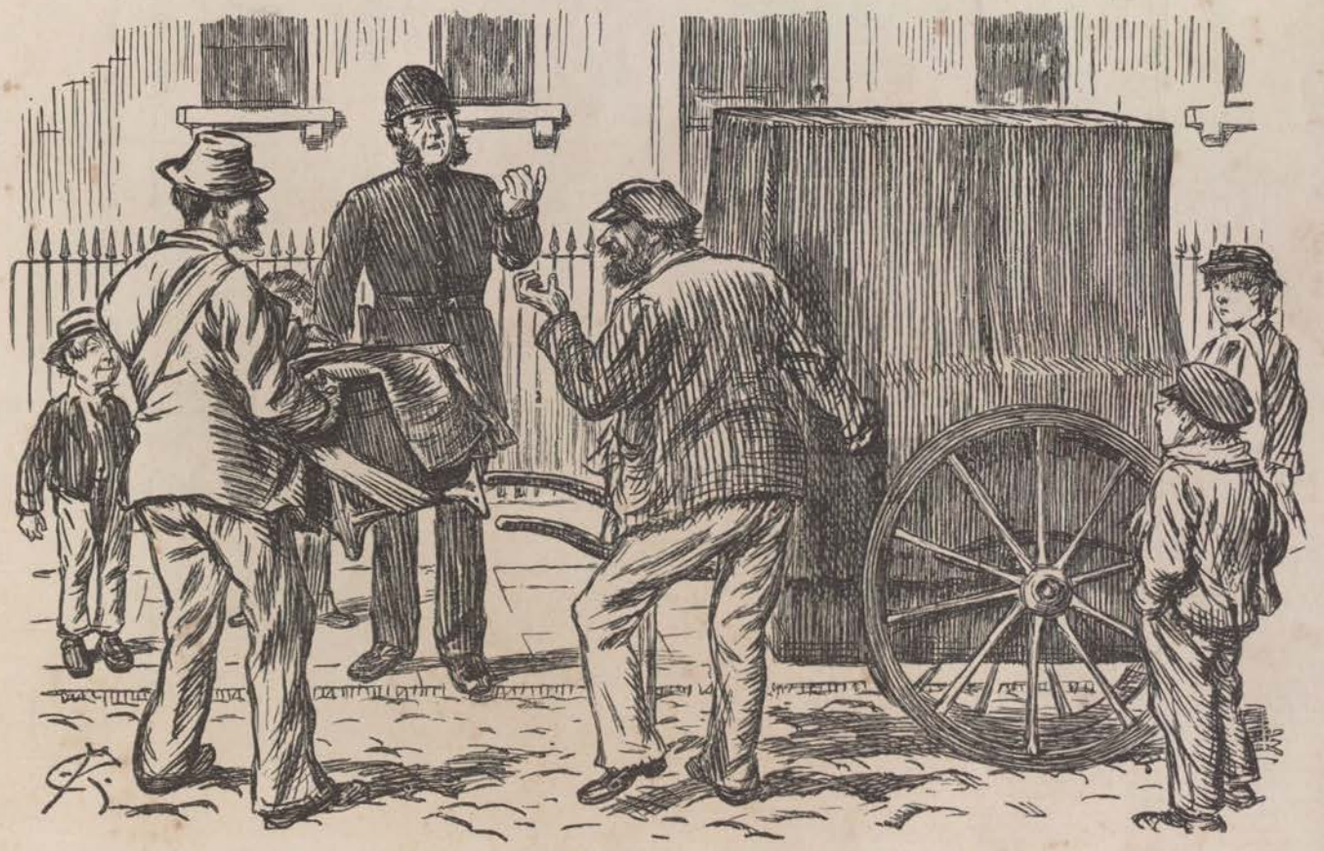

## STRICTLY IMPARTIAL.

*Policeman (to Giovanni and Giuseppe, who had fallen out, and were slanging each other in more or less pure Tuscan).* "NOW THEN, YOU TWO, MAKE USE O' BETTER LANGUAGE, OR I'LL RUN YER BOTH IN!"

DEERE STALKYNGE IN YE HYGHLANDES.

## A MATTER OF DOUBT.

*North Cork Militia Man.* "AM I TO SHALUTE HIM, OR NO? BEGOR, I WONDHER IF HE'S A SARVAN'-MAN OR A GINIRAL."

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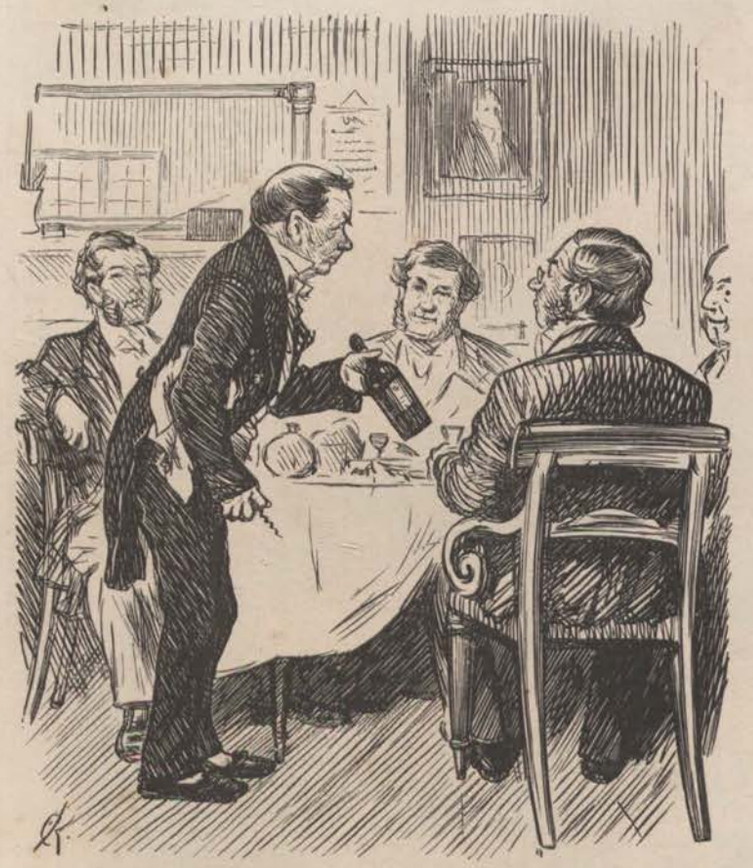
## THE SERVANTS' BALL.

*(Of course Patronised by the Family.)*

*Admiring and Envious Housemaid.* "YOU SEE, EMMA, JAMES IS SO MUCH IN THE DRAWING-ROOM, HE KNOWS HOW TO MAKE HISSELF PLEASANT TO THE LADIES, AND FEELS QUITE AT HOME, LIKE!"



## "LIEBFRAUMILCH!"

*Gent. (in the "chair").* "WHAT WINE HAVE YOU THERE?"

*Ancient Waiter.* "IT'S—AH—WELL, THERE, SIR—YOU CAN READ IT FOR YOUR SELF BUT—WHICH, SIR, WE WARRANT IT'S HIS OWN GROWTH!"

## EGYPTIAN HORS-D'ŒUVRES.

*Hungry Gaul (to hungry Briton, who is taking all the Radishes).* "SAPRISTI, MONSIEUR! MAIS MOI AUSSI J'AIME LES RADIS!"

*Hungry Briton.* "OUI, MOSSOO. MAIS PAS TANT QUE *MOI!*"

MOST EXCITING.

JONES, SHOOTING IN NEW BOOTS, IS KNOCKED OUT SIX MILES FROM HOME, AND ACCORDINGLY IS TOLD OFF TO "MARK" FOR THE PARTY. WIND N.N.E., VERY FRESH. THERMOMETER 28°.

WIREPROOF.

SIR HARRY HARDMAN MOUNTED ON "BEHEMOTH," CREATED RATHER A STIR AT THE MEET. HE SAID HE DIDN'T CARE A HANG FOR THE BARBED OR ANY OTHER KIND OF WIRE.

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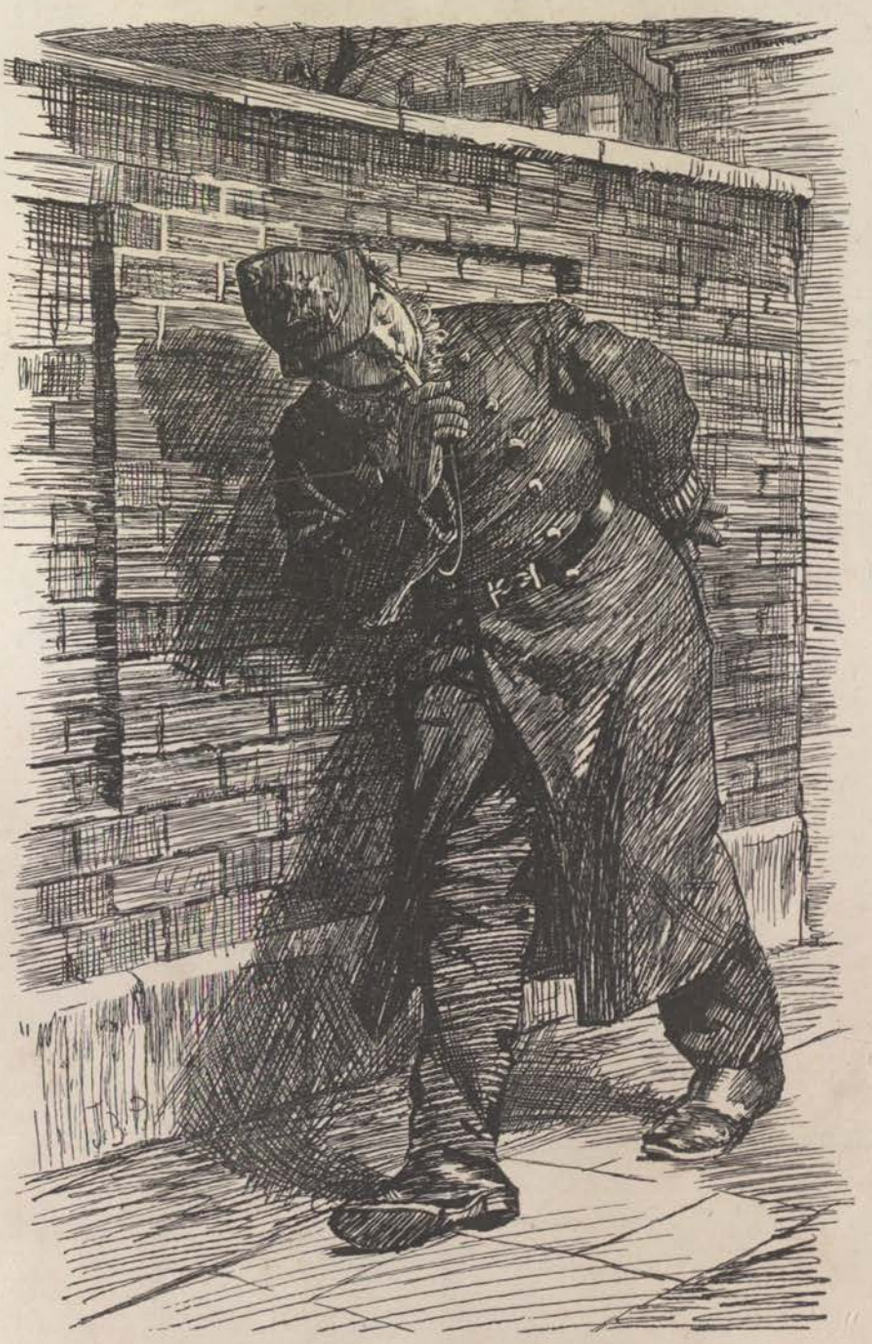

REAL PRESENCE OF MIND.

POLICEMAN X 24, DRUNK AND ALMOST INCAPABLE, IS JUST ABLE TO BLOW HIS WHISTLE FOR HELP!

## A HUNTING PREDICAMENT.

*Miss Nelly (to her Slave, in the middle of the best thing of the Season).* "OH, MR. ROWEL, DO YOU MIND GOING BACK? I DROPPED MY WHIP AT THE LAST FENCE!"

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## TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

*Sporting Farmer (who has been kind enough to give a mount to our friend 'Arry).* "NOW THEN! THEY'RE AWAY. DON'T YOU SEE THEY'RE GONE?"

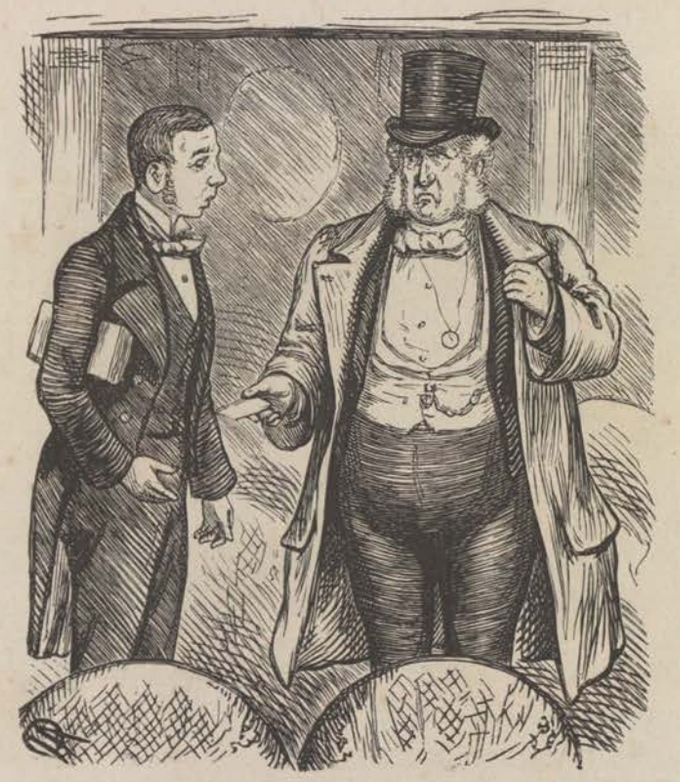
*'Arry (who has been having a very bad time).* "EH! GONE! AND NOT COMIN' BACK? WOT A BLESSIN'!"

## METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS.

ADVANTAGE MIGHT BE TAKEN OF THE MOUNTAINOUS CONDITION OF ANY PUBLIC THOROUGHFARE, WHEN "UP," TO RUN A SWITCHBACK RAILWAY FROM, SAY, CHARING CROSS TO THE BANK.

## ANOTHER METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENT.

PATENT NETTING FOR "TAKING MALES ON BOARD" WHEN AT FULL SPEED. A SAVING OF TIME AND HORSES.



*Old Gentleman (to Box-Keeper, testily).* "NO, I NEVER GIVE MONEY. STOP A BIT! HERE!" *(Gives Charity Organisation Ticket.*

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NEATLY STOPPED.

INDUCTIVE.

*Officer.* "HOW'S THIS, MURPHY? THE SERGEANT COMPLAINS THAT YOU CALLED HIM NAMES!"

*Private Murphy.* "PLAZE, SURR, I NIVER CALLED HIM ANNY NAMES AT ALL. ALL I SAID WAS, 'SERGEANT,' SAYS I, 'SOME OF US OUGHT TO BE IN A MENAGERIE!!'"

## MODEST AMBITION.

*The Squire (to his Eldest Son, just home from the 'Varsity).* "WELL, MY BOY, AND WHAT HAVE YOU SETTLED TO BE?"

*The Squire's Son.* "JUST A *PLAIN COUNTRY GENTLEMAN* LIKE YOU, FATHER!"

## "ENFANT TERRIBLE."

"I'VE BROUGHT YOU A GLASS OF WINE, MR. PROFESSOR. *PLEASE* DRINK IT!"

"VAT! PEFORE TINNER? ACH, VY?"

"BECAUSE MUMMY SAYS YOU DRINK LIKE A FISH, AND I WANT TO SEE YOU—!"

## SOLVENT!

*Poulterer (to New Page from "The Hall," who had been sent for a Brace of Birds).* "DO THEY WANT 'EM TRUSSED?"

*Page.* "TRUST!" *(Indignantly.)* "NO! D'YE THINK WE CAN'T— HERE, I'LL PAY FOR 'EM!—" *[Settles.*

## "DEPRESSION."

*Tourist (tipping the old Gravedigger, who had shown him over the Cathedral).* "I SUPPOSE, NOW SO MANY VISITORS ARE IN THE TOWN, YOU'LL BE DOING WELL?"

*Gravedigger.* "OU AYE, THERE'S A WHEEN FOWK GAUN ABOOT, BUT"—*(gloomily)*—"THERE'S TERR'BLE LITTLE DEEIN' IN THE DIGGIN' WAYE!"

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*Actor (excitedly).*
"FOR TWO LONG YEARS HAVE I——"

*A Voice from above.*
"SO YOU 'AVE, GUV'NOR!"

CRUEL.

REMINISCENCES OF HEDGE-FIRING.

*Itinerant Photographer (from under the Cloth).* "WILL YOU KEEP QUIET? HOW DO YOU SUPPOSE——"
*Subject (who is evading the Focus).* "BE JABERS, MAN! WILL I SIT STILL TO BE SHOT AT?!!"

*Willie.* "ASK HER WHAT SHE'S THINKING OF, GEORGIE."

*Georgie.* "QU'EST-CE QUE VOUS PENSEZ DE?"

*[New French Maid smiles.*

*Willie.* "ASK HER WHAT SHE'S LAUGHING AT, GEORGIE."

*Georgie.* "QU'EST-CE QUE VOUS RIEZ À?"

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## EARLY ANGLO-FRENCH.

## CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.

*Miss Fitzogre.* "WELL, GOOD-BYE, PERCIVAL, AND BE A GOOD BOY!"

*Percival (a very good boy, who has just been specially warned not to make personal remarks about People in their presence).* "GOOD-BYE. I'LL NOT TELL NURSE WHAT I THINK OF YOUR NOSE TILL YOU'RE GONE!"

## TRUE LOVE.

*Fond Wife.* "JOHN, DEAR, BE SURE AND DON'T WASTE YOUR MONEY ON RAILWAY ASSURANCE TICKETS."

*Husband (a Commercial Man).* "WHY, MY LOVE?"

*Fond Wife.* "BECAUSE YOU ARE NEVER LUCKY ENOUGH TO BE IN A COLLISION!"

## UNEXPECTED GRATUITY.

*Waiter.* "BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT I THINK YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE. THIS IS A HALFPENNY!"

*Old Gent (grandly).* "OH DEAR NO—NOT AT ALL, NOT AT ALL! I NEVER GIVE LESS!"

# MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HORSEKEEPING.

THE UNSETTLED STATE OF HIS HOUSE FOR THE LAST TWO MONTHS HAS SO DISORDERED BRIGGS, THAT HIS MEDICAL ADVISER RECOMMENDS A LITTLE HORSE EXERCISE BY WAY OF A CHANGE.

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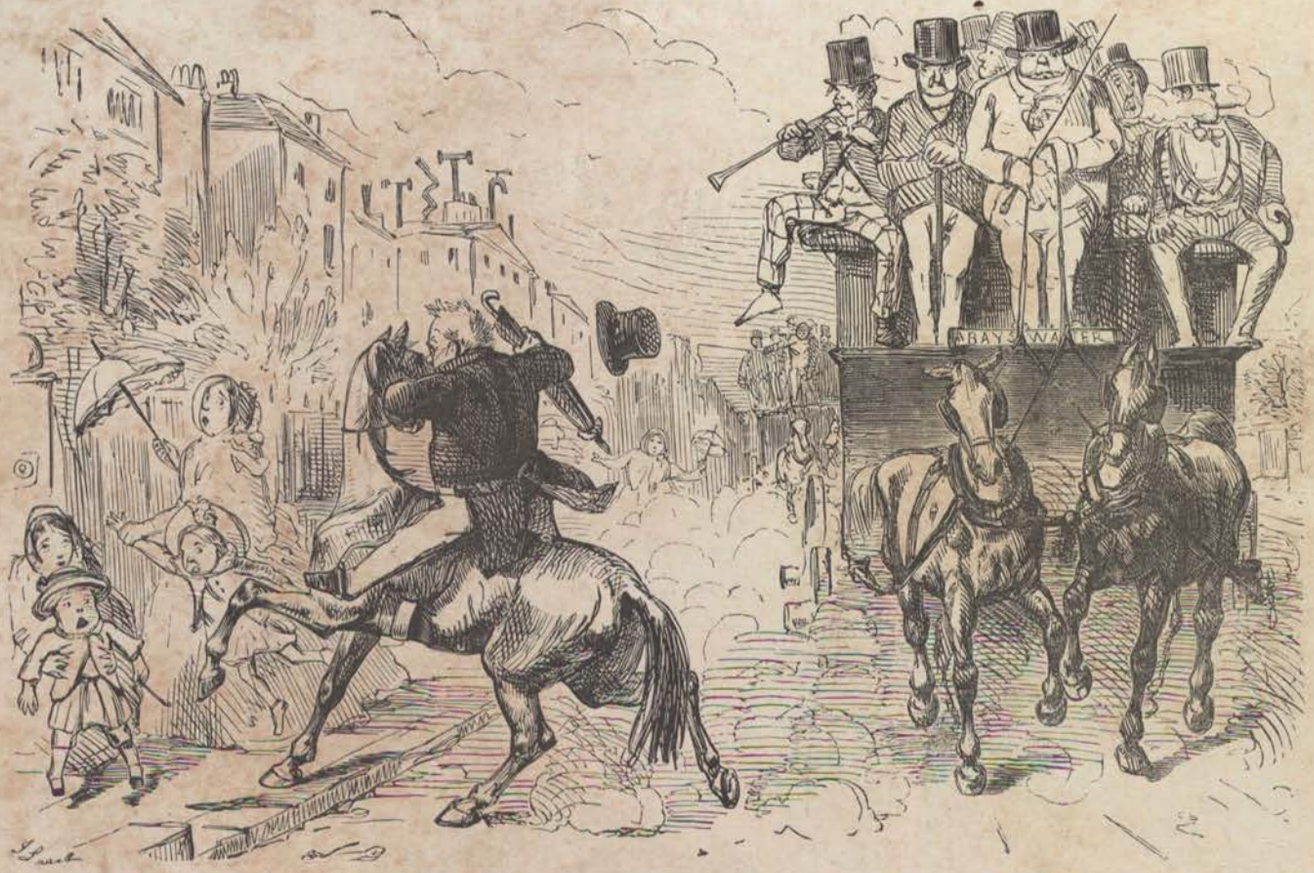
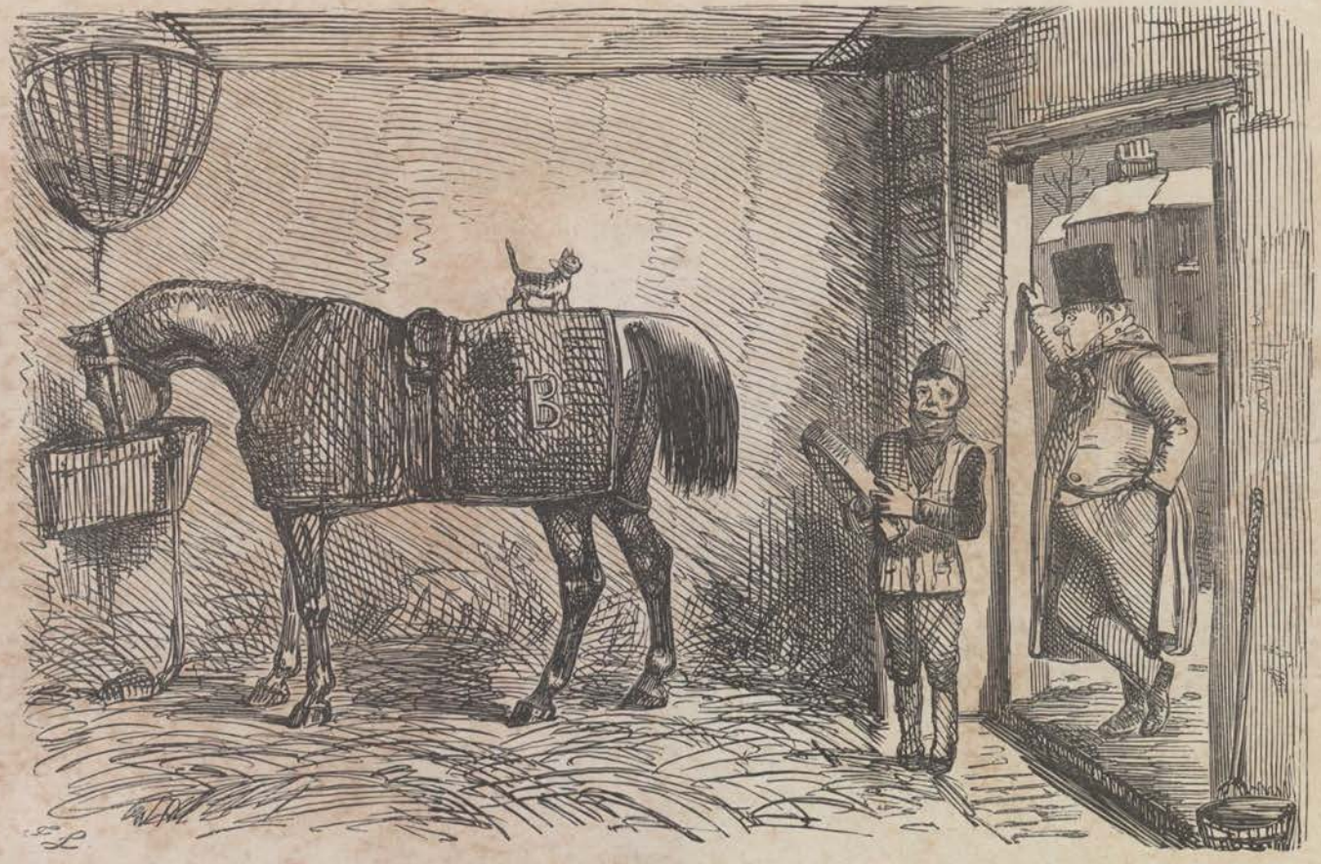
*Dealer.* "I SHOULD SAY IT WOS JUST THE HOSS YOU WANT, SIR; ONLY YOU MUST DECIDE AT ONCE, BECAUSE THERE'S SEVERAL PARTIES VERY SWEET UPON HIM. HE'S A GENTLEMAN'S HOSS, SIR, AND CARRIES HIS OWN HEAD, SIR!"

*Mr. Briggs.* "BLESS MY HEART!" *(Buys him.)*




MR. BRIGGS TRIES HIS HORSE.

STRIKING EFFECT ON MEETING ONE OF THOSE NASTY OMNIBUSES.




TO MR. BRIGGS'S ANNOYANCE, A LONG FROST SETS IN.

*Groom.* "THAT'S JUST WHAT I SAY, SIR; IT IS AGGERAVATIN' TO SEE A NICE OSS LIKE THAT, SIR, A DOIN' NOTHIN' BUT EATIN' HIS 'ED OFF."

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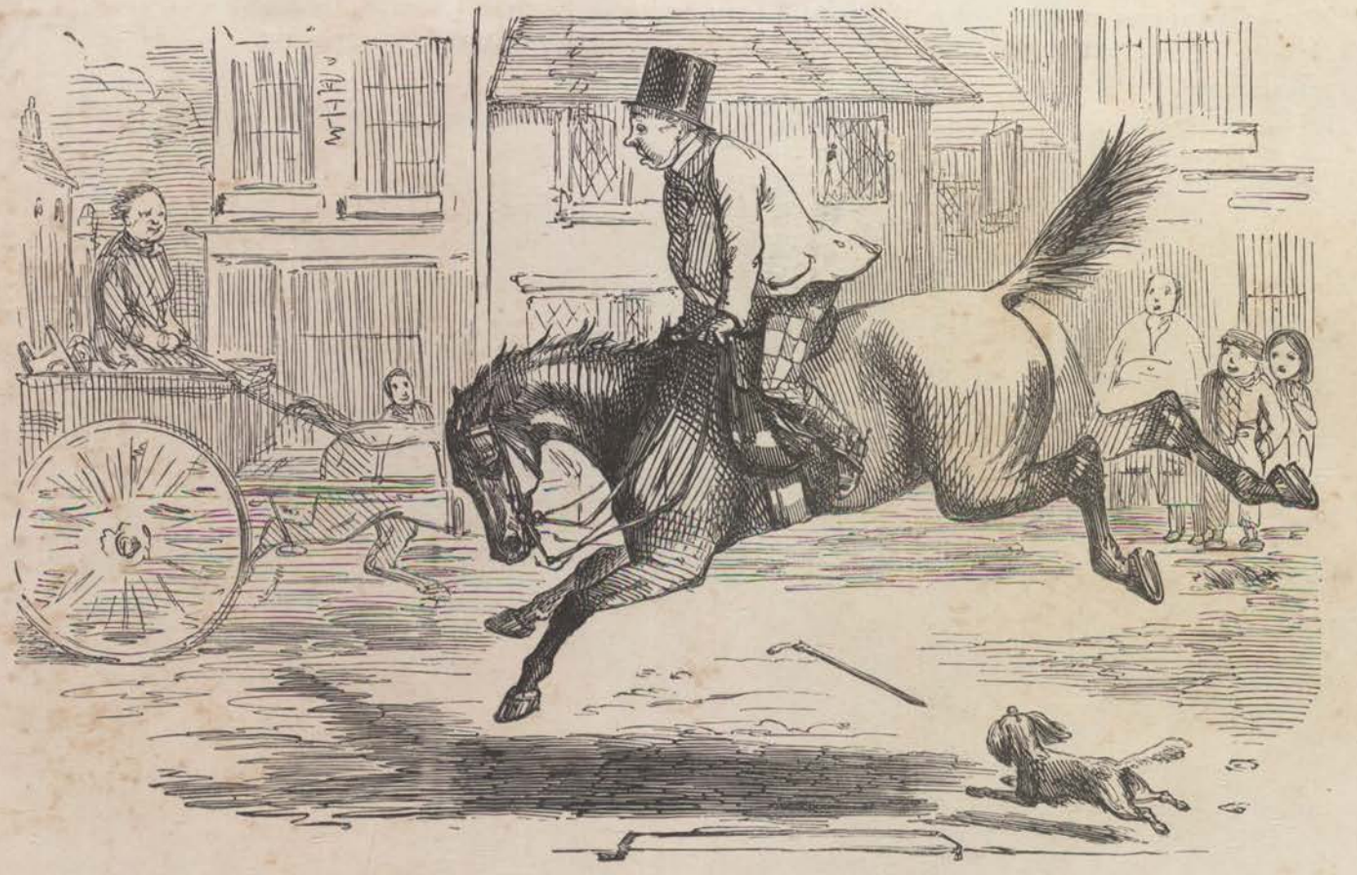

THE FROST GOES, AND MR. BRIGGS'S HORSE IS DISAGREEABLY FRESH AFTER THE LONG REST. HE SETS UP HIS BACK AND SQUEAKS AND PLUNGES AT EVERYTHING HE MEETS.

MR. BRIGGS *(at an alarming sacrifice)* GETS RID OF HORSE NO. I, AND GOES OUT FOR A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY UPON NO. II.

*Carman.* "FELL DOWN, HAS HE, SIR? AH, HE LOOKS AS IF HE COULD BE WERRY CLEVER AT THAT.—WERRY ORKERD THING, SIR, FOR A OSS TO FALL DOWN, SIR. OSSES COSTES A GOOD BIT O' MONEY—LEASTWAYS, GENTLEMEN'S OSSES DOES.—NOW, JIST LOOK AT MY LITTLE OSS, SIR, AND HE'S A POOR MAN'S OSS, HE IS. HE DON'T GO FALLIN' ABOUT." *(Exit.)*

MR. BRIGGS RIDES(!) HOME, AND WONDERS WHAT MRS. BRIGGS WILL SAY.

MR. BRIGGS HAVING PARTED WITH HIS LAD FOR MISCONDUCT, SOME YOUNG MEN WITHOUT ENCUMBRANCE APPLY TO "LOOK AFTER" HIS STABLE.

MR. BRIGGS, DETERMINED TO HAVE NO MORE INFERIOR HORSES, GIVES A GOOD ROUND SUM FOR "A CLEVER COB—UP TO GREAT WEIGHT—AND THAT A CHILD MIGHT RIDE." HE HAS SOME FRIENDS (WHO REALLY KNOW WHAT A HORSE IS) TO DINE WITH HIM, WHOSE OPINIONS HE WISHES TO HAVE.

*First Friend.* "AH—VERY NICE—VERY NICE—BUT NOT MY SORT—BEEN KNOCKED ABOUT A GOOD DEAL, I SHOULD SAY—DRIVEN IN A BUTCHER'S CART, PERHAPS, AND SOLD BECAUSE HE WASN'T FAST ENOUGH."—*Second Ditto.* "HE HASN'T BEEN DOWN, BRIGGS, HAS HE? IS THAT A SCRATCH, OR IS IT ONLY THE LIGHT?"—*Third Ditto.* "DOES HE SHY AT ALL? HIS EYES DON'T LOOK QUITE THE THING."—*Fourth Ditto.* "I TELL YOU WHAT, BRIGGS, YOU MUST HAVE HIM LOOKED AFTER A LITTLE BETTER, OR HE'LL VERY SOON HAVE A CRACKED HEEL."—*Fifth Ditto.* "THAT HOCK SEEMS RATHER QUEER," &c., &c., &c.

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## COOKIANA.

*Engaging, and nearly engaged Cook.* "AND NOW, MA'AM, MAY I ASK HOW MANY SERVANTS YOU KEEP BESIDES MYSELF, IF I COME?" *Lady.* "ONLY TWO!"

*Cook.* "AH! THEN I'M AFRAID I MUST DECLINE! THE FACT IS, I CAN'T GET ON WITHOUT MY RUBBER OF AN EVENING!"

## THE IDEA!

*Boy.* "LITTLE BRITAIN! DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT YOU'VE WALKED LONDON *ALL THESE YEARS*, AND DON'T KNOW LITTLE BRITAIN!"

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## EMBARRAS DE RICHESSE.

JACK GRUNSELL WAS SKETCHING IN GALWAY THIS SUMMER, AND ONE MORNING BOUGHT A FEW ARTICLES OF RUSTIC COSTUME FOR HIS STUDIO—THE NEWS SPREAD—THE WHOLE COUNTRY WAS UP—AND DOWN UPON HIM, AS HE WAS AT DINNER—AND HE WAS BOISTEROUSLY OFFERED THE PICK OF THE GARMENTS OF FOUR LARGE PARISHES THE SAME EVENING!

A PARTIE OF SPORTSMEN OUT A SHUTYNGE.

## THE FIRST COOK.

*Timid Young Bride (with delicacy).* "YOU SEEM TO HAVE HAD, THEN, FIVE NEW SITUATIONS IN FOUR MONTHS.—IS NOT THAT RATHER—HOW IS——?"

*Rawboned Candidate (with energy).* "BLESS YER 'ART, MUM, I'VE HAD SUCH YOUNG *DOOSES* OF MISSUSES, MUM!"

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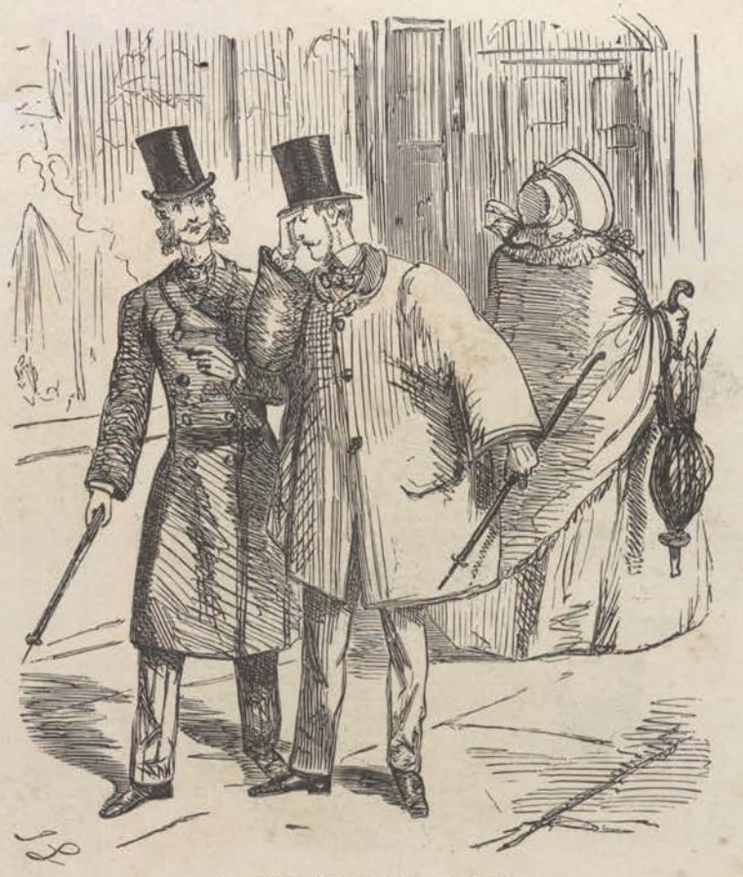
## TOO CLEVER BY HALF!

*Little Girl.* "OH, AUNTY, BABY'S MOUTH IS SO FUNNY—IT'S JUST LIKE YOURS BEFORE YOU GET OUT OF BED——NO, NOT ONE TOOTH!"

## A SIGN OF PROGRESS.

*Cousin Florence.* "WELL, TOMMY, AND SO YOU LIKE YOUR LITTLE FRIEND PHILIP, DO YOU; AND HOW OLD DO YOU THINK HE IS?"

*Tommy.* "WELL, I DON'T EXACTLY KNOW; BUT I SHOULD THINK HE WAS *RATHER* OLD, FOR HE *BLOWS HIS OWN NOSE!*"



## A HORRIBLE IDEA.

*First Languid Swell.* "GOOD GWACIOUS, ALFRED. ARE YOU ILL?"

*Second ditto, ditto (gasping).* "ILL! AW! YES! NO! I SHALL BE ALL RIGHT DIRECTLY—BUT—I—CONFESS—THE—SIGHT OF THAT FEMALE'S UMBRELLAW—COMPLETELY—FLAWED ME—MY DEAR CHARLES—CONCEIVE BEING OBLIGED TO CARRY—BUT NO, THE THOUGHT IS—TOO HORRIBLE!"

[*They shudder, and walk on.*

LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

*First Derisive Blackguard Boy.* "HOORAR! HERE'S A JOLLY OLD GUY!"
*Second Do. Do. (on lamp-post).* "HI!—JOHN!—YOU AIN'T SHAVED THIS MORNIN'!

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NOTHING CERTAIN.

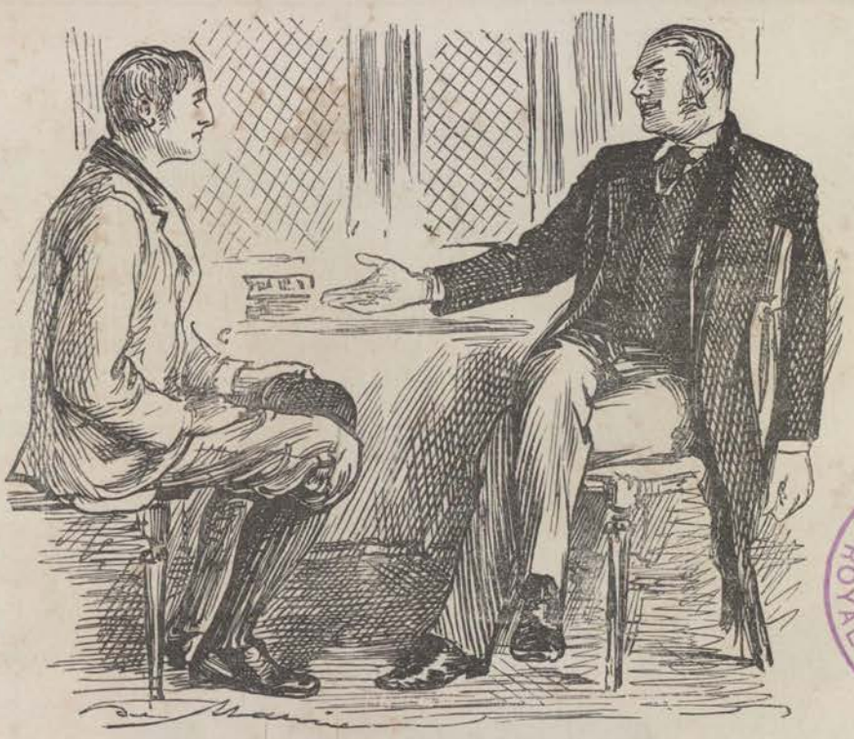
*Mother-in-Law.* "AH, MR. S., WHEN I HAVE LEFT YOU FOR EVER, YOU'LL MISS ME THEN!"

## POLICE PROTECTION FOR PIANISTS!!

MADE NECESSARY BY THE ANTICS OF THE PADDED-ROOMSKI DEVOTEES AT ST. JAMES'S HALL, WHO RUSH AT, TRY TO EMBRACE, AND DECK WITH ROSES, A CERTAIN MASTER WHENEVER HE APPEARS.

## A NEW ADJECTIVE.

*Customer.* "YOU'LL FIND I MEASURE A BIT MORE ROUND THE WAIST THAN I DID LAST TIME YOU TOOK MY MEASURE."
*Tailor.* "AH, WELL, SIR, IF I MAY BE ALLOWED TO SAY SO, YOU *ARE* A TRIFLE MORE—AH—MORE *LOBENGULOUS* THAN FORMERLY."



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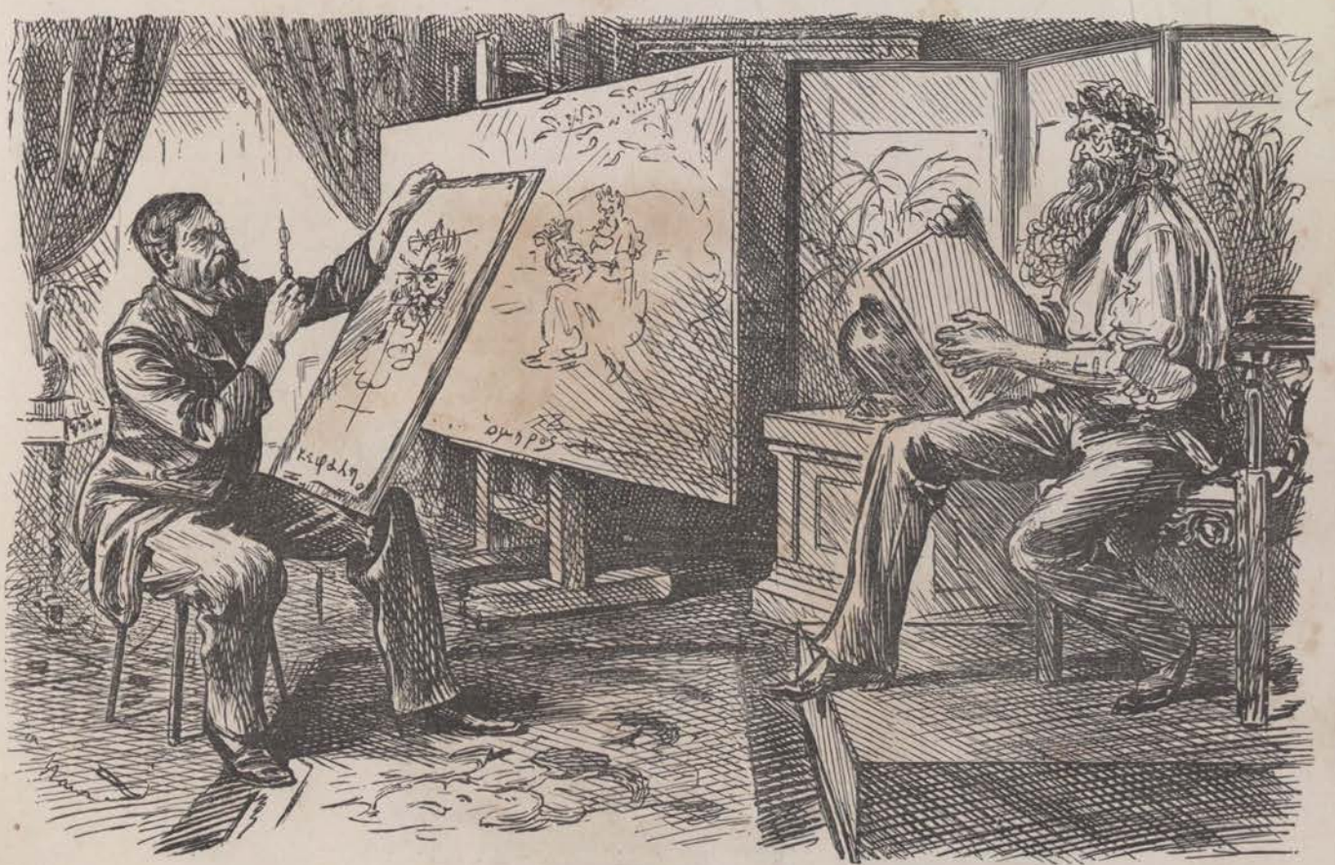
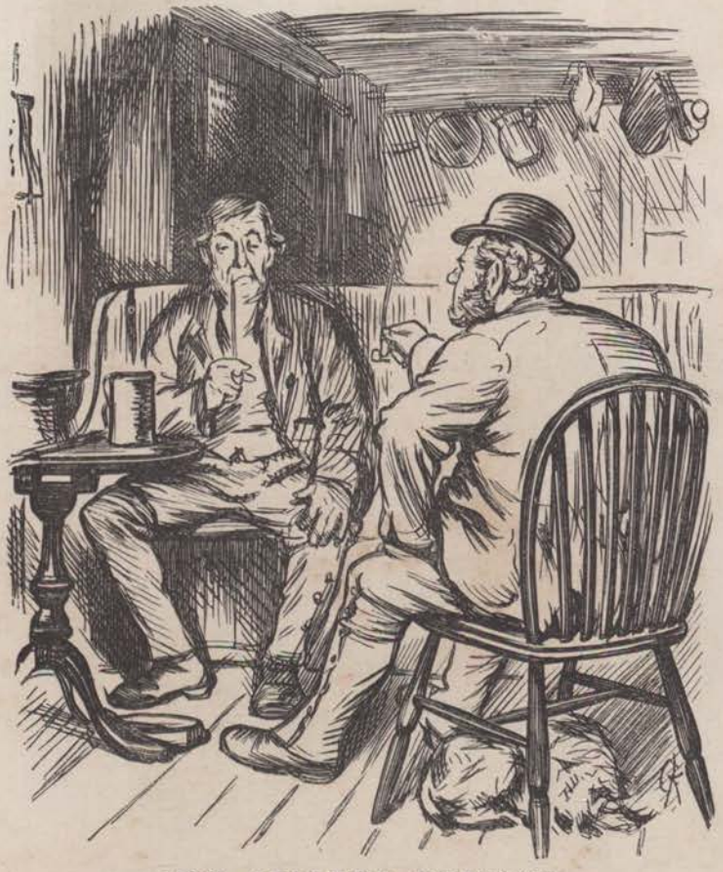
## A FAIR INDUCEMENT.

*Eminent Coach (to Favourite Pupil).* "NOW LOOK HERE, ADAMS; IF YOU WILL ONLY WORK HARD WITH ME FOR SIX MONTHS, I PROMISE YOU *THREE YEARS COMPLETE HOLIDAY AT OXFORD!*"



## A MODEL REPARTEE.

*Distinguished (but irritable) Amateur.* "CONFOUND IT, PHIPPS! WHY, YOUR FACE IS ALL OUT OF DRAWING!"
*Model (irritable also).* "IT MUST *INDEED* BE OUT OF DRAWING, SIR, IF *YOU* CAN PERCEIVE IT, SIR!"

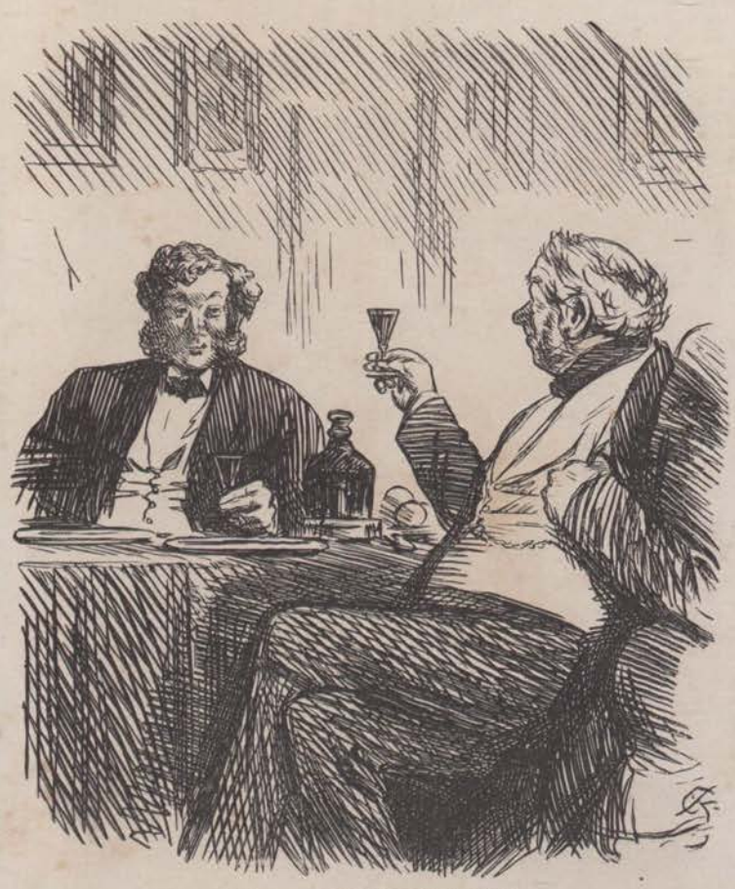


## XXX CELLENT REASONS.

*Free and Independent (to wavering) Elector.* "YOU DON'T ADMIRE HIS POLITICS? POLITICS BE BLOWED! LOOK AT HIS PRINCIPLES! THAT MAN ALLUS BREWS FIVE-AND-TWENTY BUSHELS TO THE HOGSHEAD!"

## A DOOCID ARISTOCRAT.

*The Nice-looking Young Man with his Back to the Fire-place.* "IT'S ALL VERY WELL TO TALK OF A MAN'S MANNERS, OR HIS 'ART, OR HIS HEDUCATION! WHAT I SAY IS: SHOW ME HIS 'ANDS AND FEET—AND I'LL PRECIOUS SOON TELL YOU WHETHER HE'S A GENTLEMAN OR NOT."



## THE CONNOISSEUR.

*Host (smacking his lips).* "THERE, MY BOY, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT? I THOUGHT I'D GIVE YOU A TREAT. THAT'S '34 PORT, SIR!"

*Guest.* "AH! AND A VERY NICE, SOUND WINE, I SHOULD SAY! I BELIEVE IT'S QUITE AS GOOD AS SOME I GAVE 37*s.* FOR THE OTHER DAY."

## FLUNKEIANA.

*Master.* "THOMPSON, I BELIEVE THAT I HAVE REPEATEDLY EXPRESSED AN OBJECTION TO BEING SERVED WITH STALE BREAD AT DINNER. HOW IS IT MY WISHES HAVE NOT BEEN ATTENDED TO?"

*Thompson.* "WELL, SIR, I REELY DON'T KNOW WHAT IS TO BE DONE! IT WON'T DO TO WASTE IT, AND WE *CAN'T* EAT IT DOWNSTAIRS!!"

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AN EXPERIMENT ON A VILE BODY.

*Medical Pupil, after dragging a patient round the Surgery, succeeds in extracting a tooth.* "COME! THAT'S NOT SO BAD FOR A FIRST ATTEMPT!"

SIC VOS NON VOBIS.

**. Auctioneer.* "THIRTY GUINEAS—GOING AT THIRTY GUINEAS! ANY ADVANCE ON THIRTY GUINEAS FOR THIS FINE PORTRAIT BY TITIAN, PAINTED IN THAT GREAT MASTER'S BEST MANNER?" *(Hammer falls.)*

*Brush (to Badger).* "DOWNRIGHT DISHONEST, I CALL IT! OLD AARON'S GOT THIRTY FOR THAT TITIAN, AND HE ONLY GAVE ME THREE FOR PAINTING IT!"

## PLEASANT PHEASANT PROSPECTS.

*Noble Pheasant Breeder.* "WHY, BAGGS, WHY—EH?—WHAT THE DOOSE IS THIS? WHY, THE BIRDS CAN'T FLY!"

*Baggs.* "WELL, THEY *ARE* A BIT LARDY, MY LORD, AND I WON'T DECEIVE YOU. IT'S ALL THE CHILDER AS MAKES PETS ON 'EM, AND THEY WILL BE FEEDIN' OF 'EM BETWEEN MEALS, AND THAT'S A FACT, MY LORD!"

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## ECHO ANSWERS.

*Short-sighted Swell (to Gamekeeper, who has been told off to see that he "makes a bag").* "ANOTHER HIT, WIGGINS! BY THE WAY—RUM THING—ALWAYS SEEM TO HEAR A SHOT SOMEWHERE *BEHIND* ME, JUST AFTER I FIRE!"

*Wiggins (stolidly).* "YES, SIR, 'ZACTLY SO, SIR. WUNNERFLE PLACE FOR ECHOES THIS 'ERE, SIR!"

## MISUNDERSTOOD.

*Young Lady (in Contralto tones of remarkable depth and richness).* "HAVE YOU GOT ANY *LOW* FRENCH SONGS?"

*Music Publisher (indignantly).* "*CERTAINLY* NOT, MISS! YOU MUST TRY SOME OTHER ESTABLISHMENT!"

## CRUELLE ENIGME; OR, TWO'S INTO ONE WON'T GO.

THE PROBLEM OF THE DAY:—HOW TO GET THIS YEAR'S SLEEVES INTO LAST YEAR'S JACKET.

*Moderate Swell.* "GOING TO TAKE A CAB?"

*Immoderate Swell.* "ER—NO."

*M. S.* "NO UMBRELLA, I SEE."

*Imm. S.* "ER—NO, DEAR BOY. SEE—IF YOU—ER—CARRY 'BRELLA—LOOKS AS IF YOU'D ONLY ONE SUIT A CLOTHES!"

RECKLESS.

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THE LION AT HOME.

*The Hope and Pride of the Family (just home from the Grand Tour).* "OH, REALLY, YOU KNOW, THE MEN ONE MEETS IN SOME OF THOSE PLACES OUT WEST! I SAID TO MYSELF EVERY NIGHT, 'WELL, THANK HEAVEN I HAVEN'T SHOT ANYBODY!'"

*Fond and Nervous Mother.* "YOU MEAN, THANK HEAVEN NOBODY SHOT YOU, DON'T YOU, DEAR?"

*Rising Young Physician (who cured so many Patients in last year's Epidemic).* "NOT MUCH CHANCE OF MORE INFLUENZA IN ENGLAND *THIS* WINTER, I FANCY!"

*His Wife.* "LET US HOPE FOR THE BEST, DEAREST."

EQUIVOCAL.

APPRECIATIVE SYMPATHY.

*Herr Bogoliboffski plays a lovely Nocturne, which he has just composed. To him, as he softly touches the final note, Fair Amateur,* "OH, THANKS! I *AM* SO FOND OF THAT DEAR OLD TUNE!"

## THE AMATEUR TENOR AT HOME.

*Mrs. Brown (in the midst of the lovely prelude to Gounod's "Maid of Athens," which melody Brown is practising for the Smiths' party).* "WOULD YOU—GIVE BABY—ONE OF THOSE POWDERS, JAMES, OR DO YOU—THINK A—LINSEED POULTICE WILL DO?"

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A BORN ORATOR (IN THE EAST).

*Farmer (proposing Landlord's health).* "AN' IF A' SQUIEARS 'UD *DEW* AS *OUR* SQUIEAR *DEW*, THERE WUDNA BE SO MANY ON 'EM AS *DEW* AS THEY *DEW DEW!*"

GENTLE IRONY.

*Impatient Driver.* "NOW THEN, BILL! 'AVIN' THE OLD BUS *PHOTER-GRARFED*, HAY?"

THRIFT.

*Peebles Body (to Townsman who was supposed to be in London on a visit).* "E—EH, MAC! YE'RE SUNE HAME AGAIN!"

*Mac.* "E—EH, IT'S JUST A RUINOUS PLACE, THAT! MUN, A HAD NA' BEEN THE-ERRE ABUNE TWA HOOURS WHEN —*BANG*—WENT *SAXPENCE!!!*"

BLANK FIRING.

*Ancient Sportsman (whose Sight is not what it used to be).* "PICK 'EM UP, JAMES, PICK 'EM UP! WHY DON'T YOU PICK 'EM UP?"

*Veteran Keeper.* "'CAUSE THERE BEAN'T ANY DOWN, MY LORD!"

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SPITE.

*Miss Slimly.* "DO YOU KNOW, DEAR, I WAS ASKED THE OTHER DAY IF YOU WERE MY MAMMA!"

FORETHOUGHT.

MR. TREMBLE BORROWS A HINT FROM HIS WIFE'S CRINOLINE, AND INVENTS WHAT HE CALLS HIS "PATENT ANTI-GAROTTE OVERCOAT," WHICH PLACES HIM COMPLETELY OUT OF H-ARM'S REACH IN HIS WALKS HOME FROM THE CITY.

## DID YOU EVER!

*Friend.* "WELL, SPRAT, MY BOY—AND HOW DO YOU GET ON, NOW YOU'RE MARRIED?"

*Sprat.* "H'M! PRETTY BOBBISH—BUT THERE'S ONE THING MAKES IT DOOCED UNCOMFORTABLE SOMETIMES—ENTRE NOUS—MRS. S. IS *SO CONFOUNDEDLY JEALOUS OF ME!*"

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## CONSOLATION.

*Housemaid.* "I'M SORRY TO HEAR YOU'VE LOST YOUR UNCLE, MARY."

*Mary.* "YES, IT WAS QUITE SUDDEN. BUT—AIN'T IT A REAL COMFORT AS I GOT THAT BLACK DRESS, INSTEAD OF THE GREEN ONE YOU WANTED ME TO BUY?"

"A PRETTY PROSPECT!"

*Native (to our Landscape Painter who has come down to sketch).* "WHY, SIR, IN THIS 'ERE VALLEY THAT YOU'RE A GOIN' TO, YOU MAY SEE—AH—THREE SPLENDID VIADUCTS ALL AT ONCE, AND ONE O' THE LARGEST CLOTH FACTORIES IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND!"

A VERY HANDSOME PRESENT.

"THERE, THOMAS, BE VERY CAREFUL NOT TO INJURE THE CREATURE, AS IT'S A VERY FINE SPECIMEN OF A FULL-GROWN LIVELY VIPER."

WHAT A SHAME!

*Young Lady (inclining to Embonpoint).* "I SHALL WANT HIM AGAIN THIS AFTERNOON—FROM TWO TO FOUR."

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"A BURST WITH THE HARRIERS IN THE WEST."

"I AX YER PARDON FOR STOPPING OF YE, SIR, BUT COULD YE LEND ME A GIRTH? MINE'S A BROKEN."

"WELL, GOOD AFTERNOON—I'M GOING TO CALL ON MY MOTHER!"

"WHAT! YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU'VE GOT A MOTHER *LIVING!*"

"OH YES—AND SHE DON'T LOOK A BIT OLDER THAN *YOU* DO—I ASSURE YOU!"

## SENILE FELINE AMENITIES.

## AN EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.

"——AND OH, MABEL, A *WRETCH* MISTOOK MY SKIRT FOR THE 'BUS APRON, THE OTHER DAY, AND DIDN'T FIND OUT HIS MISTAKE FOR EVER SO LONG. OF COURSE HE WAS *AWFULLY* NICE ABOUT IT; SO I HAD TO SAY, IT DIDN'T MATTER. BUT WASN'T IT DREADFUL!"

"HULLO, NUPKINS! SURELY YOU CAN SWEEP AWAY THE SNOW FROM THE DOOR-STEP WITHOUT HIRING THOSE THREE BOYS!"

"I TAKE THE REMUNERATION ON MYSELF, SIR. I SHOULD LOSE MY CHANCE OF ANOTHER PLACE IF I WAS SEEN DOING 'PAROCHIAL' WORK!"

FLUNKEIANA.

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OLFACTORY.

*He (with a look of dissatisfaction at his dish—"He is so particular!").* "MY DEAR—I THINK——"

*She.* "OH, I'M SURE IT'S A VERY GOOD HAM, GEORGE! A GENUINE WESTPHALIA."

*He.* "AH—WELL—YES, DEAR—I SM—CERTAINLY PERCEIVED IT WAS A FAILURE O' SOME SORT DIRECTLY THE COVER WAS TAKEN OFF!"

MIGHT HAVE BEEN SAID OTHERWISE!

*He (to elderly Young Lady, after a long Waltz).* "YOU MUST HAVE BEEN A SPLENDID DANCER!"

## "NEXT HER HEART!"

*Young Muddleigh, who has been out buying underwear for his personal use, purchases at the same establishment some flowers for his ladye-love—leaving a Note to be enclosed. Imagine Young Muddleigh's horror, on returning to dress, to discover that the underwear had been sent with the Note, and the Flowers to him! Muddleigh discovered, repeating slowly to himself the contents of the Note:—*"PLEASE WEAR THESE THIS EVENING, FOR MY SAKE!"

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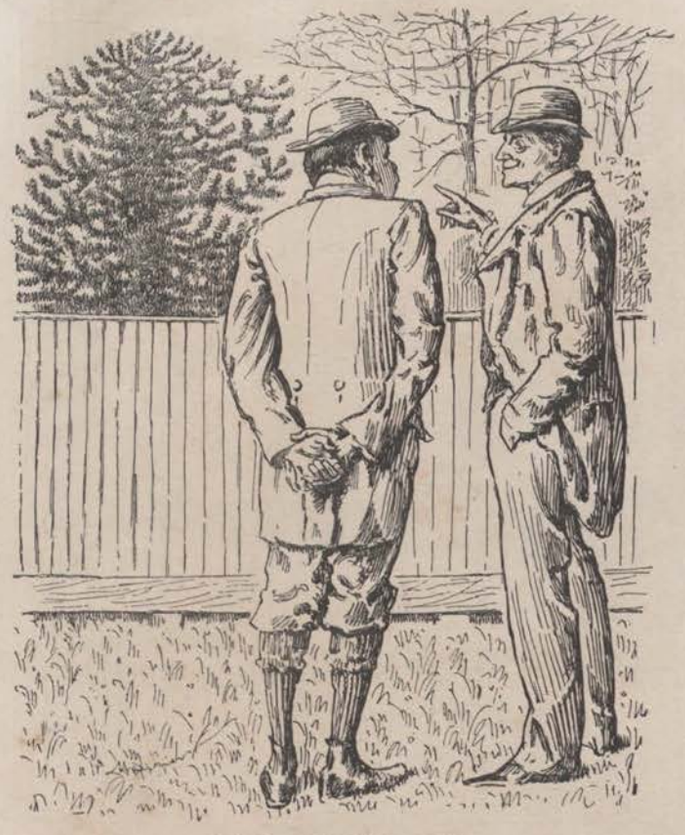
## A SNUB.

*Hypatia Roland (to the Browns' Parlourmaid).* "CALL ME A HANSOM, PLEASE."

*Cadby.* "I'M GOING YOUR WAY, MISS ROLAND. WE MIGHT GO TOGETHER."

*Miss Roland.* "*TWO* HANSOMS, PLEASE!"



THE ARAUCARIA.

*(Reversion to an early Ancestral Type.)*

*Grigson.* "I SAY, OLD CHAPPIE, IT WOULD PUZZLE YOU TO CLIMB THAT TREE!"

"WHEN A MAN DOES NOT LOOK HIS BEST."

WHEN HE JUST BEGINS TO REALISE WHAT A SUFFERING HE WOULD HAVE SAVED HIMSELF, IF HE HAD ONLY HAD THE *COURAGE* TO SAY "*MEDIUM*" INSTEAD OF "HARD."

## POLITICS AND GALLANTRY.

*First 'Arry.* "HAY, WOT'S THIS 'ERE ROSEBERY A TORKIN' ABAAT? BLESS'D IF HE AIN'T A GOIN' TO DO AWY WITH THE LORDS!"

*Second 'Arry (more of a Don Juan than a Politician).* "DO AWY WITH THE 'OLE BLOOMIN' LOT O' LORDS, IF HE LIKES, AS LONG AS HE DON'T DO AWY WITH THE LIDIES!"

## TOO COSTLY.

*The Vicar.* "DEAR, DEAR, MRS. PRICKLES, I REGRET TO HEAR THAT MRS. BROWN HAS TREATED YOU SO SHAMEFULLY. I SHOULD COUNSEL YOU TO HEAP COALS OF FIRE ON HER HEAD——"

*Mrs. P.* "AH, SIR—THAT'S WOT I *WOULD* DO, AS SOON AS LOOK AT 'ER; BUT I CAN'T AFFORD IT AT ONE-AN'-NINEPENCE A 'UNDERDWEIGHT!"

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EASILY SATISFIED.

*Fond Parent.* "I DON'T CARE, MR. MEDIUM, ABOUT ITS BEING HIGHLY FINISHED; BUT I SHOULD LIKE THE DEAR CHILD'S EXPRESSION PRESERVED."

"BY THE SAD SEA WAVES."

*Mamma.* "SEE, MARION! IN A FEW SECONDS THE SUN WILL SET IN THE OCEAN!"
*Marion.* "OH, YES, YES! AND *WHAT* A SPLASH THERE WILL BE!"

DELIGHTFUL ESCORT.

*Small Boy.* "NOW THEN, MUM, GIVE US YER HAND, AND WE'LL SLIDE YER DOWN EASY, AND YON CHAPS 'LL STOP US!"

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ONE FOR HIS DIGNITY.

*Volunteer Captain (Acting Major first time).* "NOW THEN! WHAT ARE YOU BOYS STARING AT? DID YOU NEVER SEE A WAR-HORSE BEFORE?"

*Boys (who had followed expecting a "spill").* "AYE—WE'VE WHILES SEEN A WAUR HORSE, BUT NEVER A WAUR RIDER!"

## UNSEASONABLE SPORT.

*Wife (much startled).* "GOOD GRACIOUS, REGINALD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT GUN?"

*Reginald (who is very fond of shooting).* "HUSH! HUSH! MY DEAR—I'VE KILLED TWO!"

*Wife.* "MY GOODNESS! TWO WHAT?—THIEVES?"

*Reginald.* "NO, DEAR. TWO OF THOSE CONFOUNDED RABBITS THAT ARE ALWAYS EATING THE VERBENA! THERE, GO TO SLEEP, DARLING—I'LL HAVE ANOTHER DIRECTLY."

## ROMANCE AND REALITY.

*Beautiful Being (who is all soul).* "HOW GRAND, HOW SOLEMN, DEAR FREDERICK, THIS IS! I REALLY THINK THE OCEAN IS MORE BEAUTIFUL UNDER THIS ASPECT THAN UNDER ANY OTHER!"

*Frederick (who has about as much poetry in him as a Codfish).* "HM—AH! YES. PER-WAPS. BY THE WAY, BLANCHE—THERE'S A FELLA SWIMPING S'POSE WE ASK HIM IF HE CAN GET US SOME PWAWNS FOR BWEAKFAST TO-MOWAW MORNING?"

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## EDUCATION FOR THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

*Scene—Toy-shop. Enter highly educated Youth of Twelve.*

"OH, I WANT SOME TOY, OR CONJURING TRICK, OR SOMETHING THAT WOULD DO FOR AN OLD GENTLEMAN OF FIFTY OR THEREABOUTS: MY GRANDFATHER, IN POINT OF FACT,—YOU KNOW THE KIND OF THING, I DESSAY."

*Scene—Schoolroom.*

*Papa.* "WELL, LUCY, WHAT HAS MISS TRIMMER SET YOU TO DO FOR TO-MORROW?

*Lucy.* "OH, PAPA, DEAR, IT'S ON PNEUMATICS IN RELATION TO—BUT YOU REALLY *WOULDN'T* UNDERSTAND IT, IF I TOLD YOU"

NO DOUBT.

"NOW I DARE SAY, BILL, THAT AIR BEAST OF A DOG IS A GOOD DEAL MORE PETTED THAN YOU OR I SHOULD BE."

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THE STORY OF A PORTRAIT.

THE FIRST SITTING. FINISHED. EXHIBITED.

## ETIQUETTE.

*Rector (to Exemplary Young Person from his Parish, and formerly in his Bible-Class, now in service in Belgravia).* "WELL, JANE, I TOLD YOUR MOTHER, AS I WAS GOING TO LONDON, I SHOULD CALL AND SEE HOW YOU WERE GETTING ON, AND I HOPE YOU——"

*Jane.* "OH DEAR ME, SIR! THANK YOU, SIR, I'M VERY——ONLY I—I BEG PARDING, SIR, BUT MY WISITORS IS EXPECTED TO GO DOWN THE AIRY, SIR!" *[Tableau!*

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## ACADEMIC COSTUME.

*Dr. Bear.* "PUT ON YOUR GOWN, SIR."
*Undergraduate.* "GOT IT ON, SIR."

## DEFINITIVE.

*Board Schoolmaster (desiring to explain the word "Conceited," which had occurred in the course of the Reading Lesson).* "NOW, BOYS, SUPPOSE THAT I WAS ALWAYS BOASTING OF MY LEARNING—THAT I KNEW A GOOD DEAL O' LATIN FOR INSTANCE, OR THAT MY PERSONAL APPEARANCE WAS—THAT I WAS VERY GOOD-LOOKING, Y'KNOW—WHAT SHOULD YOU SAY I WAS?"

*Straightforward Boy (who had "caught the Speaker's eye").* "I SH' SAY YOU WAS A LIAR, S'I"

109396

## A VERY VULGAR BOY.

"ASKIN' YER PARDON, MISS, BUT MIGHT THAT 'ERE LITTLE DOG'S TAIL HA' BEEN CUT OFF OR DRUV' IN?"

## A VERY MODEST GIRL.

*Young Lady (on the road to School—to Friend, who, fearing to be left behind, has been calling her by Name to wait for her).* "HOI COME 'LONG, BELINDA, *DO*—AN' DON' KEEP HON CALLIN' HOUT MY NAIME; HI DON' WANT *HALL* LONDON TER KNOW HIT!"

## A HEARTY WELCOME.

*Local Flyman (who also officiates at Funerals).* "MORNIN', SIR. GLAD TO SEE YOU OUT AGAIN! REALLY THOUGHT I SHOULD 'A' HAD THE HONOUR OF DRIVIN' YOU TO THE CEMETERY, SIR!"

## UNCOMPROMISING.

*The Doctor's Daughter.* "I DECLARE YOU'RE A DREADFUL FANATIC, MRS MCCIZZOM. I DO BELIEVE YOU THINK NOBODY WILL BE SAVED BUT YOU AND YOUR MINISTER!"

*Old Lady.* "AWEEL, MY DEAR, AH WHILES HAE MA DOOBTS ABOOT THE MEENISTER!"

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## IN CONFIDENCE.

"MUMMY DEAR, WHO'S PAPPA'S MOTHER-IN-LAW?" "MY MOTHER, DEAR—YOUR GRANDMAMMA."

"OH—*(Considering)*—DO YOU THINK GRANDMAMMA WOULD TAKE A PRIZE AT THE CAT SHOW?"

"ETHEL, DEAR! WHAT *DO* YOU MEAN?"

"WELL, MUMMY DEAR, I HEARD PAPPA SAY THAT, IN THE WHOLE COURSE OF HIS LIFE HE HAD NEVER COME ACROSS 'SUCH AN OLD TABBY AS HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW'!"

## CAUTION.

*The Major.* "DON'T YOU LIKE LIQUEURS, MRS. JINKS?"
*Mrs. Jinks.* "YES; BUT THEY MAKE ONE SO *UNRESERVED!*"

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## MISPLACED QUOTATIONS.

*Young Jones (who, five minutes before the announcement of Dinner, has been introduced to Miss Sprightly, and has been endeavouring to find a fitting remark wherewith to open the conversation).* "THIS—ER—I BELIEVE IS CALLED THE—ER—'*MAUVAIS QUART D'HEURE!*'"

## "BUSINESS FIRST."

*Favourite Son of M.F.H. (to old Huntsman).* "NO, SMITH, YOU WON'T SEE MUCH MORE OF ME FOR THE REST OF THE SEASON; IF AT ALL."

*Smith (with some concern).* "INDEED, SIR. 'OW'S THAT?"

*Smith (interrogatively).* "READIN' 'ARD, SIR?"

*Son of M.F.H.* "WELL, YOU SEE I'M READING HARD."

*Son of M.F.H.* "YES, I'M READING LAW."

*Smith.* "WELL, I LIKES TO READ A BIT O' THEM PERLICE REPORTS MYSELF, SIR, NOW AN' THEN; BUT I DON'T ALLOW 'EM TO HINTERFERE WITH A HONEST DAY'S 'UNTIN'."

## A VERY DIFFERENT MATTER.

*Southern Lord (staying at Highland Castle).* "THANK YOU SO MUCH. I—AH—WEALLY ENJOY YOUR MUSIC. I THINK OF HAVING A PIPER AT MY OWN PLACE."

*Sandy the Piper.* "AN' FAT KIN' O' A PIPER WOULD YOUR LORDSHIP BE NEEDIN'?"

*Southern Lord.* "OH, CERTAINLY A GOOD PIPER LIKE YOURSELF, SANDY."

*Sandy (sniffing).* "OCH! INTEET!—YE MIGHT EASILY FIN' A LORD LIKE YOUR LORDSHIP, BUT IT'S NAE SAE EASY TO FIN' A PIPER LIKE ME WHATEVER!"

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"SELECTION."

*Brown (as he was leaving our Art Conversazione, after a rattling scramble in the Cloak-Room)*
"CONFOUND IT! 'GOT MY OWN HAT, AFTER ALL!"

A CONDUCTOR OF HEAT.

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"TRANSMITTED."

*Ignorant Bachelor Visitor.* "HULLO, THROGMORTON; WHAT THE DEUCE ARE YOUR TWINS UP TO WITH THAT CONTRIVANCE?"

*Proud Father (of Throgmorton, Threadneedle & Co.; Telephone* 123456½). "HA! THERE YOU ARE, MY BOY—MARVELLOUS EXAMPLE OF INHERITED BUSINESS INSTINCT! THEY'RE TRYING TO TELEPHONE TO EACH OTHER!"

## SELF-EXAMINATION.

*Party (slightly influenced).* "QUESHION ISH! AM I FIT TO GO INTODRAWING-ROOM? LETSH SHEE!—I CAN SHAY GLORIUSH CONSHYSHUSN!—HAVE SEEN BRISH INSHYCHUSION—ALL THAT SHORTOTHING—THATLEDO—HERE GOSH!"

## OLD DODGERS.

*First Testy Old Gent.* "PRAY, SIR, WHICH SIDE OF THE PATH DO YOU INTEND TO KEEP?"

*Second Ditto.* "VERY QUESTION I WAS GOING TO ASK YOU, SIR!"

*[They set as before.*

IMPERTINENT CURIOSITY.

*Military Man.* "WELL! WHAT ARE YER A STARIN' AT?—AIN'T YER NEVER SEED A SODGER BEFORE?"

REHEARSING FOR THE CRIMEA IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

"NOW THEN, MATE, HERE COMES AN ORFINCEER. MAKE READY, PRESEND HARMBS!"

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## A LIVELY FOLLOWER.

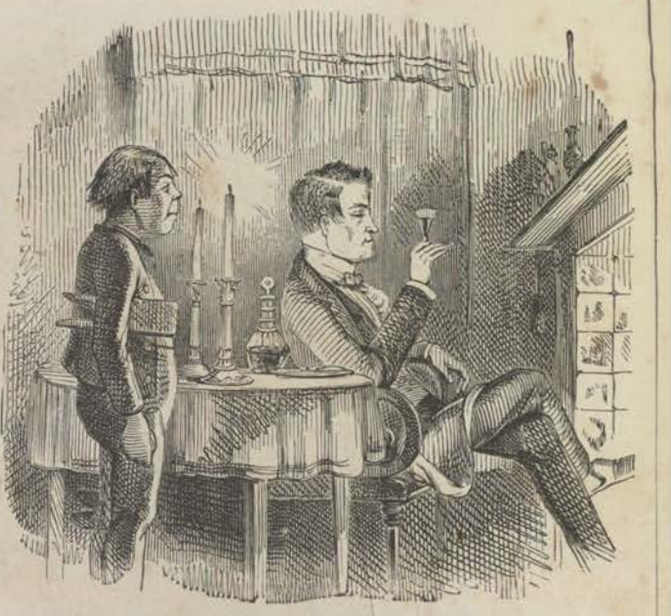
MRS. JONES SETS UP A PAGE, BUT FINDS HE DOES NOT ADD MUCH TO HER DIGNITY.

## UP TO WEIGHT.

*Stout Party.* "AHEM! I WANT TO HAVE A LOOK AT THE HOUNDS TO-MORROW! HAVE YOU GOT ANYTHING THAT WOULD CARRY ME?"
*Stable Keeper.* "WELL, SIR! I THINK I HAVE TWO BROWN OSSES—*AND A OMNIBUS* AS PERHAPS MIGHT DO IT!"

THAT HORRID MASTER BOB.

*Doggy Young Gent.* "ILL IS HE? HAH! SICKENING FOR THE DISTEMPER, NO DOUBT!"



RURAL SIMPLICITY.

*Legal Gentleman.* "HM! NOT A BAD GLASS OF PORT FOR A COUNTRY INN."

*Boots.* "NOA, ZUR, I THINKS THEY MEAKES THUR OWN WINE HERE. I *KNAW* THEY BREE-EWS."

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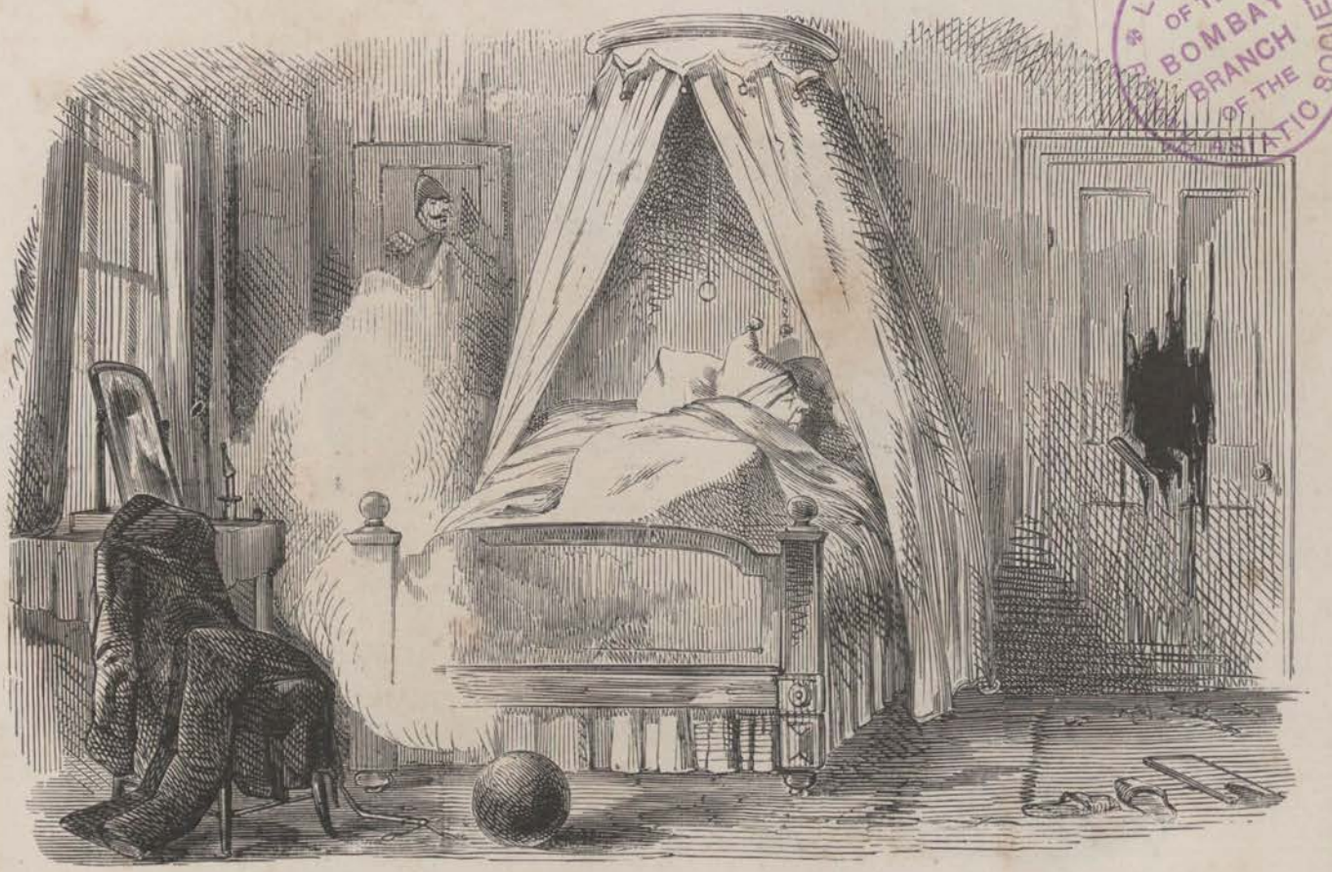
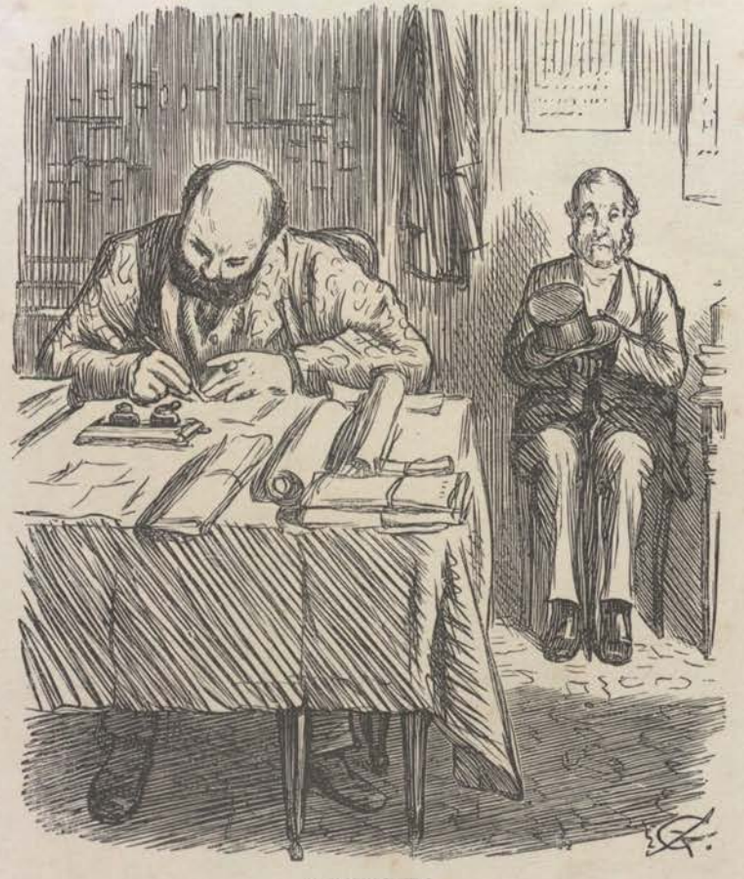


A BEDROOM IN SEBASTOPOL.

*Old Gentleman (who is rather deaf and very sleepy).* "SOMEBODY KNOCKING AT THE DOOR—*COME IN!*"

## THE COMMISSARIAT.

*Our Bandmaster (to Purveyor of Refreshments).* "WE MUST HEV BEEF SANG-WITCHES, MARM! THEM HAM ONES MAKE THE MEN'S LIPS THAT GREASY, THEY CAN'T BLOW!"



## LAVISH!

*Absent Man o' Business.* "O, MR. —— *(forgets his Name)*, WILL YOU EXCUSE ME ONE MINUTE? TAKE A SEAT—PRAY TAKE A CHAIR—TAKE A—"

*Meek Client.* "THANK YOU, I HAVE ONE—"

*Man o' Business.* "THAT'S ALL RIGHT,—TAKE ANOTHER!!"

## INFELICITOUS QUOTATIONS.

*Fair Widow.* "YES, THAT IS MY HUSBAND—THE BEST, THE KINDEST, THE CLEVEREST OF——"

*Jones.* "AH, YES, MY DEAR MADAM. AS THE DIVINE WORDSWORTH SAYS——

"'THE GOOD DIE FIRST;
WHILE THOSE WHOSE HEARTS ARE DRY AS SUMMER DUST
BURN TO THE SOCKETS!''

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## "NO ONE IS A HERO TO HIS VALET."

*Sir Arthur Pillson, Bart., M.D., F.R.C.P., &c., &c., &c.* "AND ARE YOU BETTER, SIMPSON, AFTER THAT MEDICINE I GAVE YOU LAST NIGHT?"

*Cook.* "WELL, I CAN'T SAY AS I HAM, SIR HARTHUR; AND TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, IF YOU'VE NO OBJECTION, SIR HARTHUR, I SHOULD LIKE TO CONSULT A *REGULAR MEDICAL MAN!*"

## CAUTIOUS.

*Visitor (at out-of-the-way Inn in the North).* "DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT SALMON POACHING IN THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD?"

*Landlady (whose son is not above suspicion).* "EH—NO, SIR. MAYBE IT'S A NEW STYLE OF COOKING AS WE HAVEN'T HEARD OF IN THESE PARTS, AS YOU SEE, SIR, WE ONLY DO OUR EGGS THAT WAY; AND"—*(brightening up)*—"IF YOU LIKE 'EM, I CAN GET YOU A DISH AT ONCE!"

## FINAL ORDERS.

*Keeper (to Boy out for his first day's driving).* "MIND AND SPREAD YERSELF OUT!"

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## A BLANK DAY.

*The Keeper (to Brown, who rents the forest).* "DOON WI' YE! DOON WI' YE! GET AHINT A STANG!"

*Brown (out of temper—he had been "stalking" about all the morning, and missed several times).* "YES, IT'S ALL VERY WELL TO SAY 'GET BEHIND A STONE.' BUT SHOW ME ONE!—SHOW ME ONE!!"

## OUR COUNTRYMEN ABROAD.

"ULLOA! GARÇONG, *HERE* YOU ARE! DAYJERNAY, SE VOO PLAY!"
"YES, SARE! VAT VIL YOU 'AV, SARE?"
"OH! OOFS!"
"YES, SARE! ŒUFS À LA *COQUE*, SARE?"
"OH, NONG! HANG IT *HEN'S* EGGS FOR *ME*, PLEASE!"

## THE ADVANTAGE OF HIGHER EDUCATION.

*Eton Boy (who has come to see his Brother at Harrow).* "I SAY, THESE FLOODS ARE STUNNING! WE'RE ALL SENT HOME, FOUR WEEKS BEFORE THE TIME!"

*Harrow Boy (gloomily).* "I WISH TO GOODNESS THE GOV'NOR HAD SENT *ME* TO ETON. WE'RE UP ON A BEASTLY HILL HERE, AN' NO CHANCE OF ANY FLOODS!"

## A MATTER FOR CONSIDERATION.

*Jones.* "HERE! HI THERE! CATCH HOLD OF HIM! HANG IT ALL, CATCH HOLD OF HIM!"
*Pat.* "BEGORRA THIN, WAS IT THIS IND YE'D BE AFTHER WANTIN' ME TO HOULD?"

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## INHUMAN.

*Sportsman (who has caught Brown's mare).* "NOW THEN! THIS WAY OUT, SIR, THIS WAY OUT!"
*Brown (who has already swallowed about a quart of mud and water).* "B—B—BUT IT'S DEEP!"
*Sportsman (impatient).* "CONFOUND IT, MAN! DO YOU EXPECT ME TO FETCH A BOAT?"

"A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE IS A DANGEROUS THING."

"AND WHAT'S THE LITTLE DARLING'S NAME?"

"WELL—YOU SEE HE'S OUR EIGHTH CHILD—SO WE'VE HAD HIM CHRISTENED 'OCTOPUS'!"

THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

*Street Arab (to Doctor, who has just been taking his temperature).* "AH, SIR! *THAT* DONE ME A *LOT* O' GOOD, SIR!"

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## PREACHING AND PRACTISING.

*Lady Bountiful (to old Parishioner).* "I HOPE YOU LIKE OUR NEW CLERGYMAN'S SERMONS, MRS. BROWN?"

*Mrs. Brown.* "OH YES, MY LADY, HE DO PREACH QUITE BEAUTIFUL; BUT THEN, YOU SEE, HE DON'T PRACTISE. SO WHEN MY POOR OLD MAN BE TROUBLED WITH THE RHEUMATICS, I HAVE TO SEND FOR THE DOCTOR IN THE VILLAGE, AND IT DO COME SO VERY EXPENSIVE!"

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

"YOU CAN'T GO HOME WHEN IT'S RAINING LIKE THIS. YOU'D BETTER STAY AND HAVE DINNER WITH US!"

"OH, IT'S NOT QUITE SO BAD AS *THAT!*"

SO VERY NATURAL.

*Banker.* "I WISH YOU A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR."

*Smart Broker.* "THANKS, THAT DEPENDS ENTIRELY ON *YOU*, SIR."

## THE SAFE SIDE.

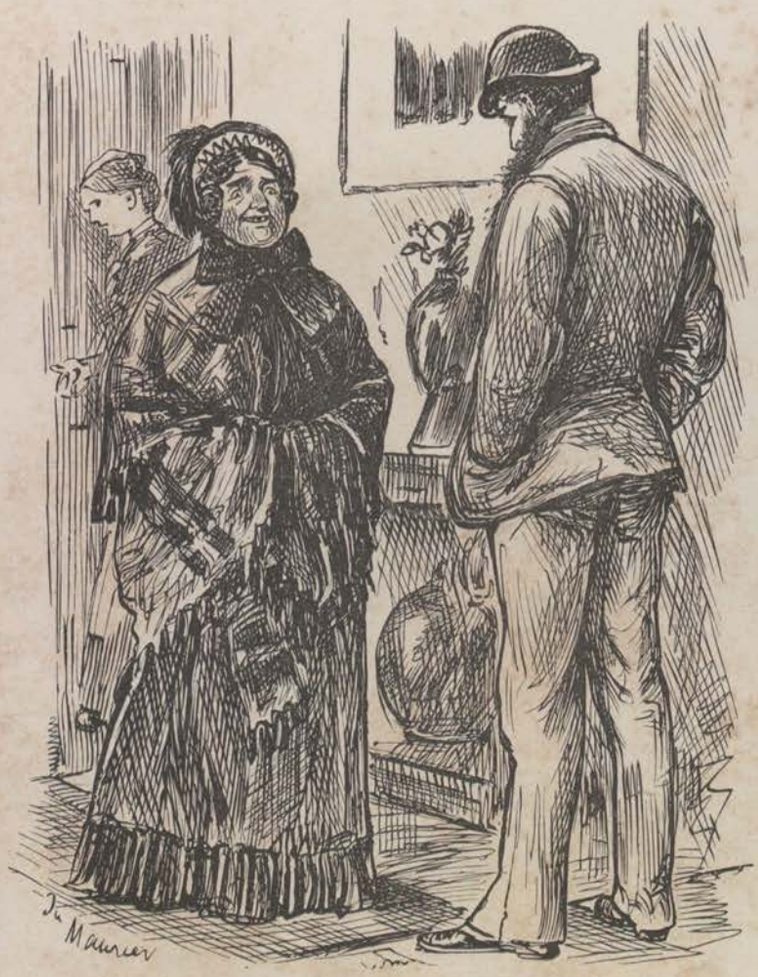
*(Problem set:—To flatter a Poet's vanity and do no violence to your conscience.)*

*Pownceby (a minor poet).* "ER, HAVE YOU SEEN MY LAST VOLUME, LADY VERA—*THROBS AND THROES?*"

*Lady Vera.* "OH, YES, I HAVE."

*Pownceby.* "AND WHAT DID YOU THINK?"

*Lady Vera.* "OH, I THOUGHT—THAT YOU HAD NEVER DONE ANYTHING BETTER."



## A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

"WELL, NURSE, DID YOU FIND YOUR WAY ALL RIGHT TO ST. JAMES'S HALL?"

"YES, THANK YOU, SIR."

"AND HOW DID YOU LIKE THE *CHRISTY MINSTRELS?*"

"WELL, I WAS RATHER DISAPPINTED, SIR! THERE WAS ONE OF THEM AS PLAYED ON THE VIOLINGSHENNER BEAUTIFUL, WHILE THREE OTHERS KEP' ON FIDDLIN' AS I THOUGHT THEY'D NEVER LEAVE OFF; AND THEN A GENTLEMAN UP AND SANG, AND THEN A LADY PLAYED ON THE PIHANNER. *BUT NONE OF THEIR FACES WAS BLACKED!*"

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## HEALTH IS HAPPINESS.

SO THINK TOM AND JERRY; AND WHENEVER THEY HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY, JERRY TAKES OUT HIS WATCH, AND FEELS HIS PULSE, WHILE TOM LOOKS AT HIS TONGUE IN A SMALL POCKET-GLASS.

## THE SNOW CURE!!

*Fiendish Little Boy (to Elderly Gentleman, who has come a cropper for the fourth time in a hundred yards).* "'ERE I SAY, GUV'NOR, YOU'RE FAIR WALLERIN' IN IT THIS MORNIN'! H'ANYONE 'UD THINK AS YOU'D BIN HORDERED IT BY YOUR MEDICAL MAN!!!"

## A CHRISTMAS SERMON.

*Lizzy.* "OH, AMY, WHERE IS THE MISTLETOE?"
*Amy.* "THEY NEVER HAVE IT IN CHURCH, DEAR."
*Lizzy.* "OH, THEN WE MUST NOT LOVE EACH OTHER WHEN WE ARE IN CHURCH."

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## OUR THEATRICALS.

*Brown (rehearsing his part as the "Vicomte de Cherisac").* "YAS, MARIE! I'VE FONDLY LOVED YE. *(Sobs dramatically.)* 'TIS WELL—BUT NO MAT-TAR-R!"
*Housemaid (to Cook, outside the Door).* "LAUKS, 'LIZ'BETH, AIN'T MASTER A GIVIN' IT TO MISSIS!"

A NEW HUNTING DRESS FOR A RAINY SEASON.

DOING IT THOROUGHLY.

*Old Gent.* "I SAY, MY LITTLE MAN, YOU SHOULD ALWAYS HOLD YOUR PONY TOGETHER GOING UP HILL, AND OVER PLOUGHED LAND!"

*Young Nimrod.* "ALL RIGHT, OLD COCK! DON'T YOU TEACH YOUR GRANDMOTHER TO SUCK EGGS! THERE'S MY MAN BY THE HAY-STACK WITH MY SECOND HORSE!"

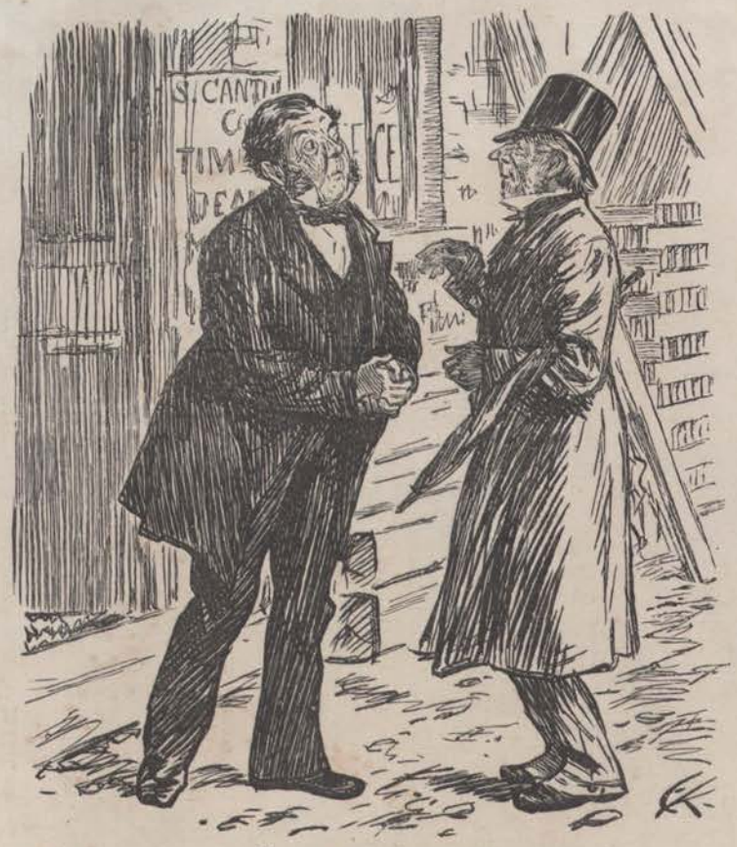
## A CLEVER HORSE.

*Dealer.* "THERE NOW! YOU WANT A HUNTER. THERE HE IS. HE'S QUIET, WELL BRED, AND LAW! WITH YOUR WEIGHT, HE'S UP TO ANY HOUNDS, AND AN *UNCOMMON* CLEVER FENCER!"

*Sporting Gent.* "OH! COME NOW! THAT *WON'T* DO. I'VE HEARD OF A 'ORSE DANCING; BUT I'M NOT SO JOLLY GREEN AS TO BELIEVE A 'ORSE CAN FENCE, YOU KNOW!"

## THE PLEASURE OF LE SPORT.

*Foreigner of Distinction (about to Charge an Obstacle).* "TAKE NOTICE, MES AMIS! ZAT I LEAVE EVERY SING TO MA VIFE!"



## "DE MINIMIS."

*Old Gentleman (musical).* "HAVE YOU ANY PLANE-TREE WOOD?"

*Timber Merchant (whose hopes are raised in anticipation of a good order these hard times).* "YES, SIR—PRAY WALK IN, SIR—AS FINE A STOCK AS ANY IN TOWN, SIR. WOULD YOU PREFER IT IN THE PLANK OR IN THE—AH—LOG?"

*Old Gentleman.* "OH, THANKY', I'M NOT PARTICULAR. I WANT A BIT FOR A FIDDLE-BRIDGE!!"

## "ALL ALIVE!"

*Cheesemonger.* "WHAT IS IT, MY DEAR?"

*Little Girl.* "OH, MOTHER'S SENT BACK THIS PIECE O' CHEESE, 'CAUSE FATHER SAYS IF HE WANTS ANY BAIT WHEN HE'S A GOIN' A FISHIN', HE CAN DIG 'EM UP IN OUR GARDEN!"

## TOLERANCE.

*The Parson's Daughter.* "I'M GLAD TO HEAR THAT *YOU* DON'T OBJECT TO A FEW CANDLES BEING PLACED ON THE ALTAR THESE DARK EVENINGS, MRS. BROWN!"

*The Sextoness.* "BLESS YOU, MISS, I *SEE* THEY WASN'T *ROMAN* CANDLES—ONLY *COMPOSITES!*"

## GROSS NEGLECT OF DUTY.

*Sunday School Teacher.* "WHAT DID YOUR GODFATHERS AND GODMOTHERS THEN FOR YOU?"

*Sunday School Dunce.* "NOTHING AT ALL, MISS—NEITHER THEN NOR SINCE!"

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## SO CONVENIENT!

*Young Wife.* "WHERE ARE YOU GOING, REGGIE DEAR?"

*Reggie Dear.* "ONLY TO THE CLUB, MY DARLING."

*Young Wife.* "OH, I DON'T MIND THAT, BECAUSE THERE'S A TELEPHONE THERE, AND I CAN TALK TO YOU THROUGH IT, CAN'T I?"

*Reggie.* "Y-YES—BUT—ER—YOU KNOW, THE CONFOUNDED WIRES ARE ALWAYS GETTING OUT OF ORDER!"

LEAVING THE PARENTAL NEST.

*The Bride's Father (to Bridegroom).* "OH, JOHN, YOU'LL TAKE *CARE* OF HER, *WON'T* YOU!"

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A LITTLE LUNCHEON AT TIMMINS'.

*Host.* "MAY I GIVE YOU SOME ROAST HARE, LADY JONES?"

*Master Tommy (Lady Jones's Godson).* "AH! I SAW COOK PEEL THAT CAT!"

"FINE FEATHERS."

*First Cabman.* "VELL, BILL, YER ARE A SWELL."
*Second Ditto.* "VY, YES! THIS 'ERE OLD RUG AIN'T AMISS, IS IT? WE ONLY WANTS THE CRINERLINE TO TAKE IT OUT OF A FEW ON 'EM, I THINK!"

TOO MUCH!

*Party (who hates bad music in the middle of the night).* "WHA-A-T!! THE WAITS! CALLED FOR A CHRISTMAS BOX!!! STOP A BIT!!"—
*(The rest is too terrible.)*

"WHO'S AFRAID!"

"NOW, THEN, YOU SCOUNDREL—I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE AT—AND IF YOU'RE NOT OFF, I'LL SHOOT YOU!"

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JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.

*Old Scotch Wife.* "LOSH ME! THERE'S A MAUN DRENKIN' OOT O' TWA BOATTLES AT ANCE!!"

*[The Old Gentleman was trying his new Binocular, a Christmas Present to his Nephew.*

## A PLEASANT PROSPECT.

*Traveller (in Ireland).* "HI,—PULL HER UP, MAN! DON'T YOU SEE THE MARE IS RUNNING AWAY?"

*Paddy.* "HOULD TIGHT, YER 'ONOR! FOR YER LIFE DON'T TOUCH THE REINS!—SURE THEY'RE AS ROTTEN AS PEARS! I'LL TURN HER INTO THE RIVER AT THE BRIDGE BELOW HERE. SURE THAT'LL STOP HER, THE BLAGYARD!"

A TRUE SPORTSMAN.

"HOW *BEAUTIFULLY* THAT HORSE JUMPS!"

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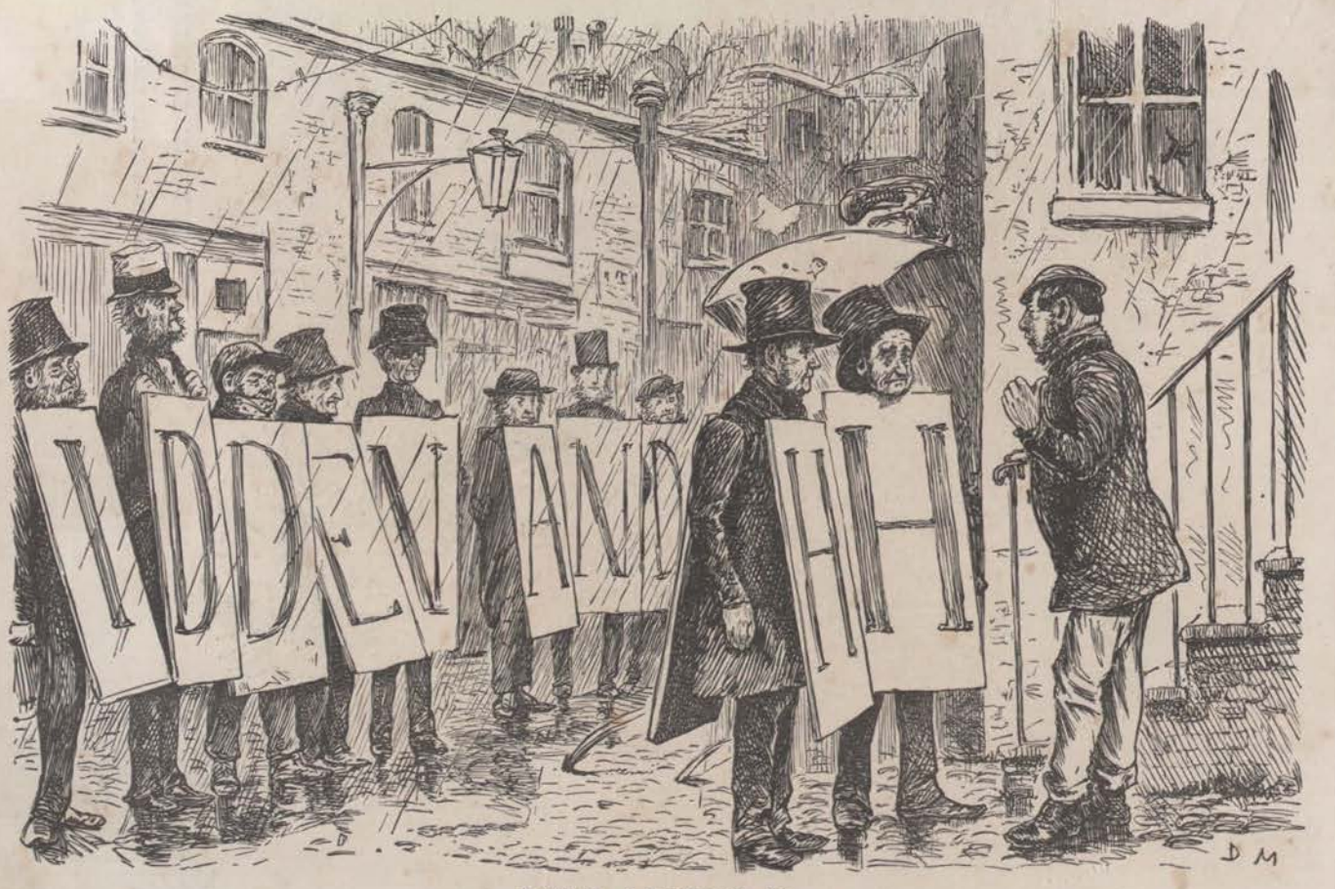
## SUCCESS IN LIFE.

DR. ELIZABETH SQUILLS HAS BARELY TIME TO SNATCH A HURRIED MEAL AND HASTY PEEP AT THE PERIODICALS OF THE DAY IN HER HUSBAND'S BOUDOIR.




## POOR LETTER H.

*Tout Contractor (who has been paid a shilling per man, and sees his way to a little extra profit).* "NOW, LOOK 'ERE, YOU TWO H'S! THE PUBLIC DON'T WANT YER—NOR I DON'T, NOR NOBODY DON'T; SO JIST DROP THEM BOARDS, AND THEN 'OOK IT!"

"THE NORMAN CONQUEST."

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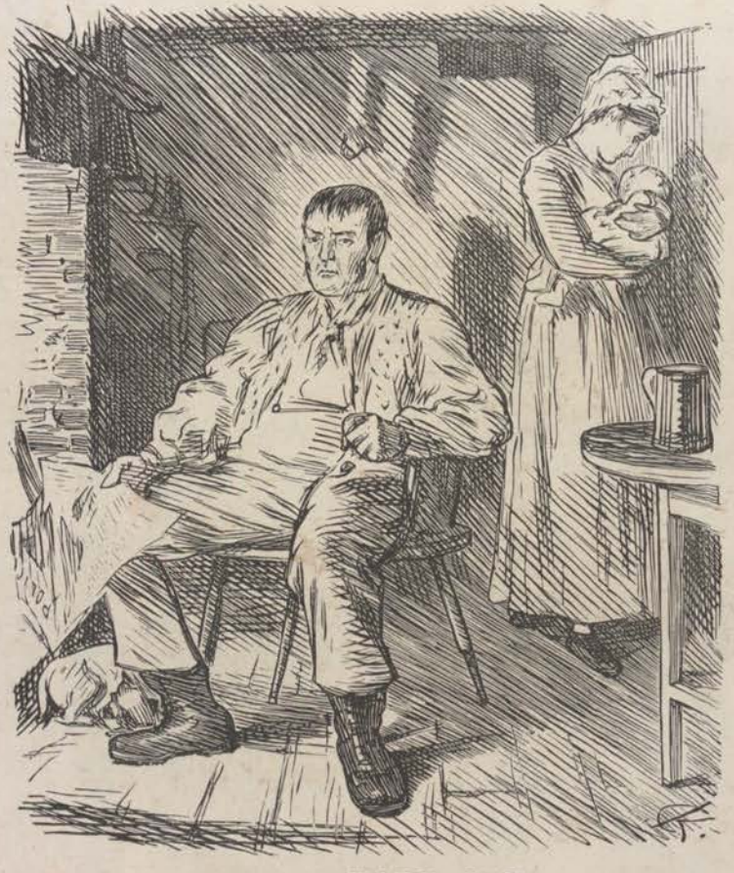
THE LATEST FASHION.

*Ratcatcher.* "BEG YOUR PARDON, MY LADY, BUT WOULD YOUR LADYSHIP MIND TELLING ME WHERE SHE GETS ALL HER RATS FROM. I'VE BEEN OUT FOR THE LAST WEEK AND CAN'T COME ACROSS ANY!"

THE DOCTOR'S BILL.

*Our Stout Cook.* "WHAT'S THIS? 'MEDICAL ATTENDANCE, TWO-AN'-SIX!' WELL, THAT'S A GOOD 'UN! WHY, I ATTENDED ON 'IM! AN' 'AD TO WAIT TWO HOURS IN THAT THERE SURGERY!!'



A REAL HARD CASE.

*Liverpool Ruffian.* "'ERE'S A GO!—A MAN 'ANGED FOR KICKIN' HIS WIFE TO DEATH! I SHALL 'AVE TO TAKE MY BOOTS OFF!"

"PERDU."

*Visitor.* "OH, HO! HERE YOU ARE! FOUND YOU OUT! WHAT A SNUG LITTLE DEN!"

*Recluse (chuckling).* "YES, HERE I AM, WITH MY PICTURES AND MY BOOKS; AND HERE I CAN SIT AND READ ALL DAY LONG, AND NOBODY A BIT THE WISER!"

RATHER A LARGE ORDER.

*Mrs. P. de T.* "WELL, GOOD-BYE, DEAR DUCHESS! OH, BY THE WAY, MAY I BRING VON HUMM TO YOU TO-MORROW NIGHT? HE'S THE GREAT ORGANIST, YOU KNOW!"

*Her Grace.* "BY ALL MEANS! AND TELL HIM TO BRING HIS INSTRUMENT WITH HIM."

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WHERE ARE THE POLICE?

*Small but Brutal Shoe-boy (loq.).* "'AVE YER MOOSTARCHERS BLACKED, CAPTING?—DO 'EM FOR A A'-PENNY!"

THE LAST CAB.

*Cabman.* "IF I WOS ALLOWED TO 'INT, LADIES, I SHUD SAY, TORSE HUP!"

## RATHER ALARMING; OR, HOTELS IN 1851.

*No. 7.—Frenchman.* "MADEMOISELLE! MES BOTTES, S'IL VOUS PLAIT!"
*No. 10.—Italian.* "SIGNORA, AVRÓ IO L'ACQUA CALDA STA MANE?"
*No. 6.—German.* "WO IST MEIN SODA WASSER?"

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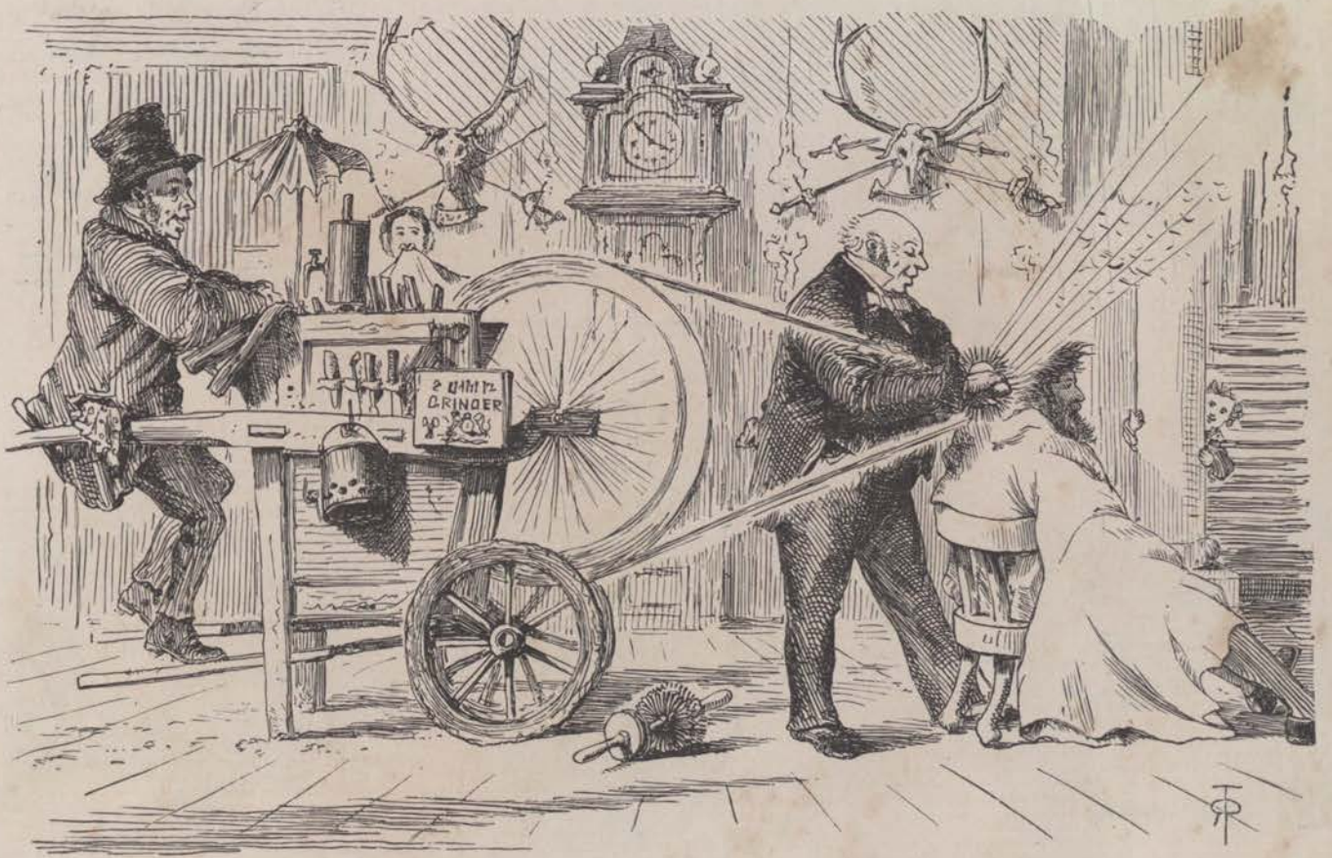



## NOTHING LIKE A MECHANICAL TURN.

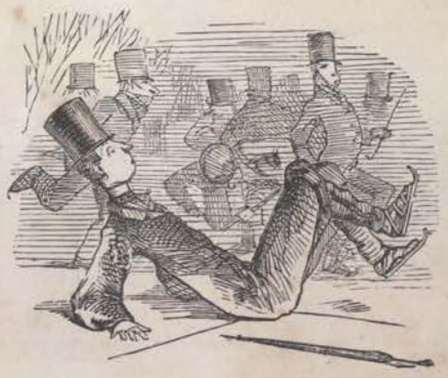
TAKE A HINT FROM THE INGENIOUS SWELL, WHO NOT BEING ABLE TO EXIST WITHOUT THIS LUXURY IN THE COUNTRY, IMPROVISED THE ABOVE, TO THE ASTONISHMENT OF THE GRINDER AND OTHERS.

# MR. SPOONBILL'S EXPERIENCES IN THE ART OF SKATING.

HAVING PURCHASED HIS SKATES, MR. SPOONBILL TAKES A WALK IN THE PARK TO SEE IF THE ICE BEARS.

BEING SATISFACTORILY CONVINCED UPON THAT POINT, HE ADDRESSES HIMSELF TO A "VULGAR MAN," WHO PUTS HIM TO EXCRUCIATING TORTURE.

AND BY WHOM (FEELING RATHER INSECURE UPON HIS LEGS) HE IS SAFELY CONDUCTED TO A "GOOD BIT O' HICE."



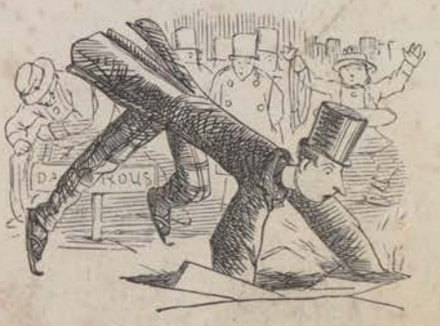
MR. SPOONBILL IMMEDIATELY GOES THROUGH A VARIETY OF ECCENTRIC MOVEMENTS.

MR. SPOONBILL BEGINS TO THINK THAT SKATING IS "EASY ENOUGH WHEN YOU'VE ONCE GOT YOUR FEET WARM."

BUT COMING SUDDENLY UPON A TREACHEROUS SLIDE—

HE IS COMPELLED TO CONFESS HIMSELF A GOOD DEAL SHAKEN IN THAT BELIEF.

BLIND WITH ENTHUSIASM, "AGAIN HE URGES ON HIS WILD CAREER."



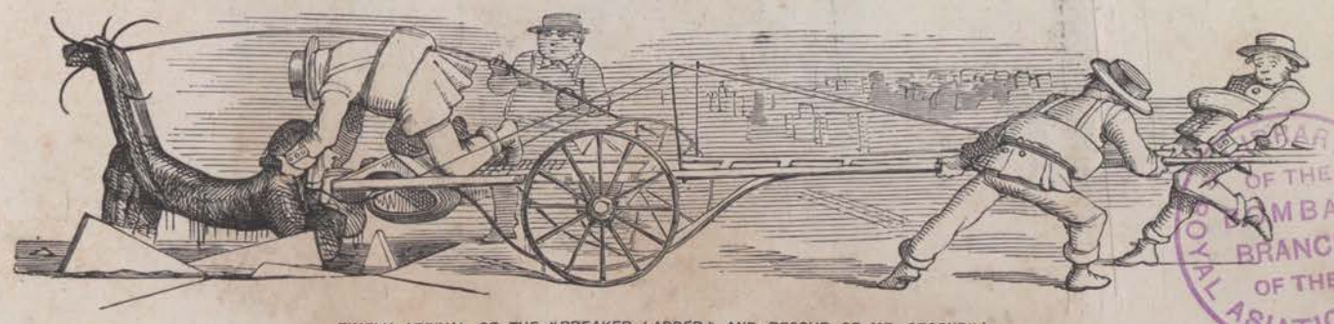
AND TAKES THE CONSEQUENCES, AND A COLD BATH

SUDDEN AND AWFUL DISAPPEARANCE OF MR. SPOONBILL.

MR. SPOONBILL, AS HE APPEARED ON REGAINING THE SURFACE.

HOW HE TRIED TO CATCH A ROPE —AND DIDN'T.

AND HOW HE ADOPTED THE RECOMMENDATION TO "KEEP HISSELF QUIET."



TIMELY ARRIVAL OF THE "BREAKER LADDER," AND RESCUE OF MR. SPOONBILL.

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AFTER IMBIBING CERTAIN HOT BEVERAGES, HE BEGINS TO FEEL PRETTY COMFORTABLE:

AND MAKES THE BEST OF HIS WAY HOME.

THIS SHEWS THE CHEERFUL MANNER IN WHICH MR. SPOONBILL ENDED HIS FIRST (AND LAST) DAY'S SKATING.

## PROPHETIC.

*Syusan (thinking of the Weather).* "THEY SAY WE SHALL HAVE MORE WATER YET!"
*Milkman (thinking of his Milk).* "AH! THAT YOU *WILL*, MY DEAR!"

## COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

*Farmer's Wife (to little Rustic, her Protégé).* "WELL, SAM, YOUR MASTER AND I ARE GOING UP TO LONDON FOR THE CATTLE SHOW!"
*Cow Boy.* "OH, I'M SURE I HOPE YEOU'LL TAKE THE FUST PRIZE, 'M--THAT I DEW!"

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## "BEATI POSSIDENTES."

*Sir Digby (going round to the Mews finds his new Coachman's Children playing about, and introduces himself).* "WELL, MY LITTLE MAN, AND DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?"
*Boy.* "YES; YOU'RE THE MAN AS RIDES IN FATHER'S CARRIAGE!"

## TOO AFFECTIONATE BY HALF.

*Auntie.* "OH, YOU NAUGHTY BOY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? SMOK'NG! WHY YOU'LL NEVER GROW!"

*Artful Nephew.* "THAT'S JUST IT, AUNTIE. I DON'T WANT TO GROW. I WANT TO KEEP THE SAME SIZE ALWAYS, SO THAT I CAN SIT ON YOUR LAP, AN' LOVE YOU!"

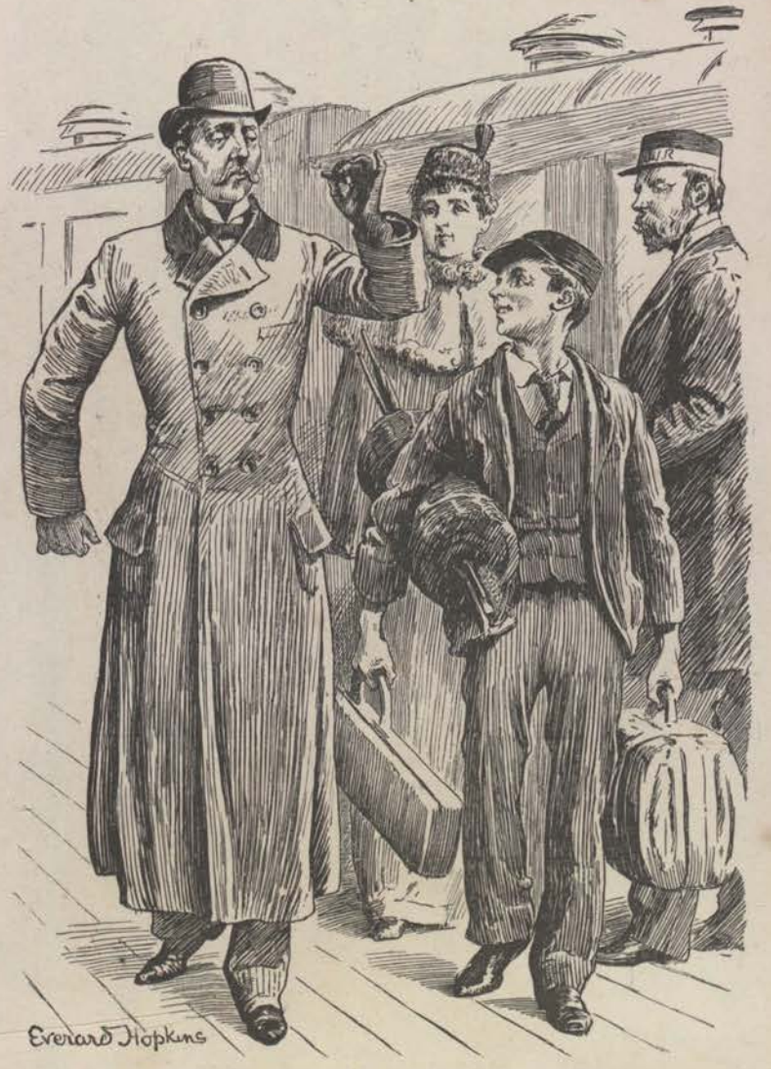
## EX HERCULE PEDEM.

*Long.* "BOTHER THE BOY! MY BOOTS AIN'T DIRTY. I WONDER WHY HE'S ALWAYS SO PRECIOUS ANXICUS TO CLEAN THEM?"

*Short.* "WELL, HE THINKS YOURS IS JUST THE SORT OF FOOT TO BE A GOOD ADVERTISEMENT TO HIM!"

TANGIBLE.

*Second Groom (waiting at Tea for the nonce, and handing thin Bread-and-butter—sotto voce).*
"CLAP TWO OR THREE BITS TOGETHER, MISS, THEN YCU'LL GET A BITE!"




THAT IT SHOULD COME TO THIS!

*Boy.* "SECOND-CLASS, SIR?" *Captain.* "I NEVAH TRAVEL SECOND-CLASS!"
*Boy.* "THIS WAY THIRD, SIR!"

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*Benevolent Stranger.* "ALLOW ME, SIR, TO OFFER YOU A DRINK!"

*Unfortunate Sportsman (just out of Brook).* "THANKS; BUT I'VE HAD A DROP TOO MUCH ALREADY!"

SATISFIED.

AT SEA ON SHORE.

*Post Captain (commanding Naval Brigade at exercise under the Admiral's eye, to Middy acting as Galloper).* "DON'T CROSS THE ADMIRAL'S BOWS, YOUNGSTER! GO UNDER HIS STERN, CAN'T YOU!!!"

## A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.

ONE MAN CAN TAKE A HORSE TO WATER, BUT TEN CAN'T MAKE HIM JUMP.

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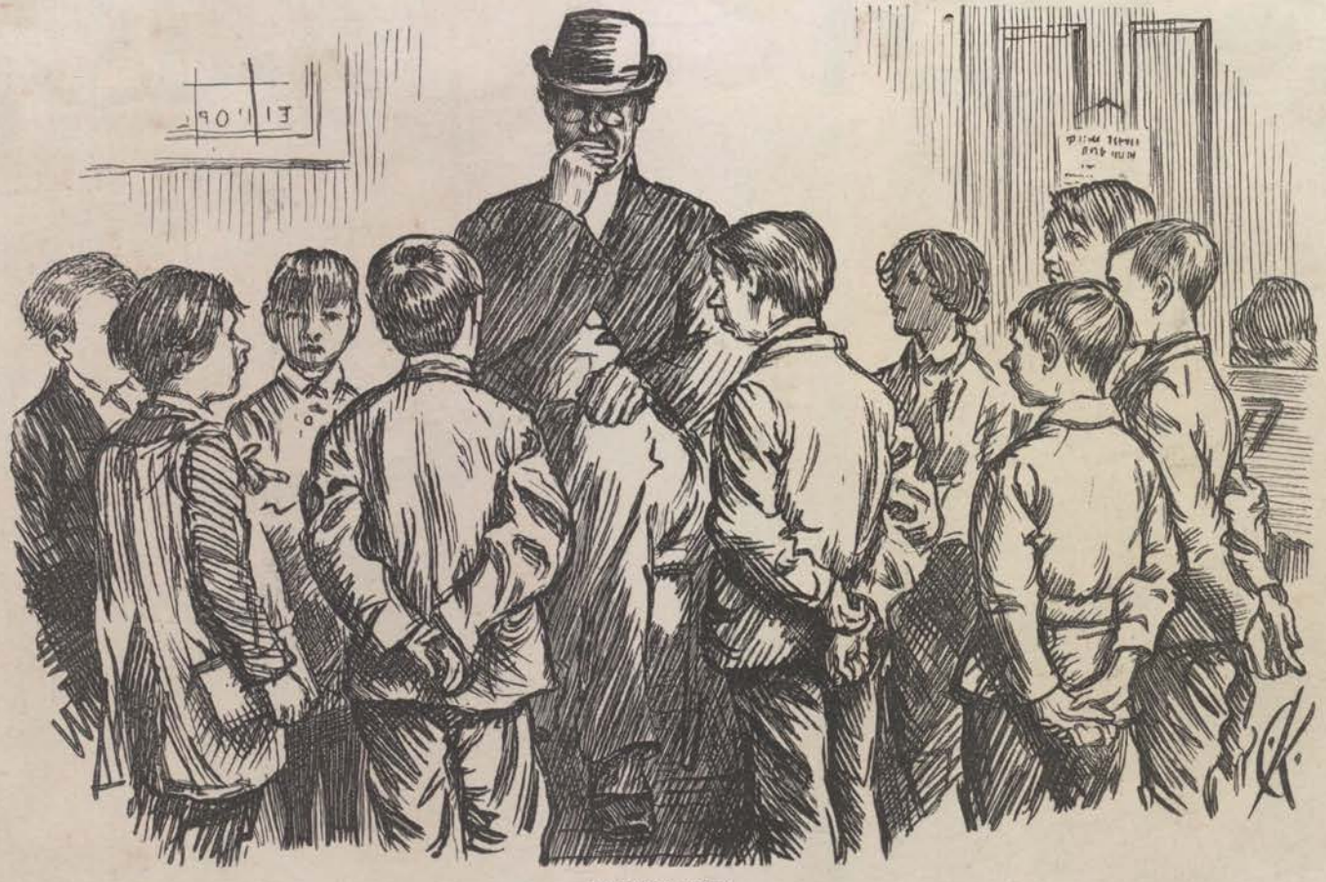
## 'ARRY OUT 'UNTIN'.

*'Arry (who goes to the Meet in a frost).* "'AVE THE 'OUNDS COME, MY LADS?"

*Little Girl (respectfully).* "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, *OUR* 'OUNDS DON'T 'UNT IN 'ARD WEATHER!"



## DIVISION.

*Examiner.* "NOW, IF I WERE TO GIVE FIFTY MARBLES IN CHARGE OF THIS BOY"—*(indicating the Biggest)*—"TO DIVIDE EQUALLY AMONGST YOU, HOW MANY WOULD YOU EACH RECEIVE?"

*Small Boy (of experience).* "PLEASE, SIR, WE SHOULDN'T GET NONE AT ALL; 'CAUSE HE'D COLLAR 'EM ALL HISSELF!"

## POLITICAL ECONOMY.

*Madge.* "WHAT *ARE* YOU LOOKING SO SORRY ABOUT, ARTHUR?"
*Arthur.* "*MULTIPLICATION!*" *Madge.* "O, *I* KNOW ALL ABOUT *MULTIPLICATION!*"
*Arthur.* "*DO* YOU? WHAT'S *TWICE TEN*, THEN?" *Madge.* "O, *TWENTY-ONE*, OF COURSE!
*Arthur.* "NO, IT'S NOT! IT'S ONLY *TWENTY!*"
*Madge.* "AH, BUT EVERYTHING'S *RIZ*, YOU KNOW!"

## PRUDENCE AND FORESIGHT.

"WHY DO YOU PUT YOUR DOLLS BY SO CAREFULLY, MAGGIE?"
"I AM KEEPING THEM FOR MY *CHILDREN*."
"BUT SUPPOSE YOU DON'T HAVE ANY CHILDREN?"
"THEN THEY WILL DO FOR MY *GRANDCHILDREN!*"

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"IN TERROREM."

*Street Boy (to Old Lady).* "THE BOARD O' WORKS IS A COMIN' UP THE NEX' STREET, AN' IF THEY SEES YOUR DOOR AIN'T SWEP'—YOU'LL KETCH IT!"

EAGER APPLICANTS.

"WANT YOUR DOOR DONE, MUM?"

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CHEEK!

*Boy of the Period.* "GO IT, TOMMY! THERE'S NO PERLICE, AND THE OLD GENT'S AFRAID TO COME OUT!"

## THE FESTIVE SEASON.

*Tommy (criticising the menu of the coming Feast).* "VERY GOOD! TRAY BONG! AND LOOK HERE, OLD MAN! MIND YOU PUT PLENTY OF RUM INTO THE *BABA*—DOLLY AND MOLLY LIKE IT, YOU KNOW—AND SO DO I!"

*Monsieur Cordonbleu (retained for the occasion).* "CERTAINEMENT, MON P'TIT AMI! BUT ARE YOU AND CES DEMOISELLES GOING TO DINE VIZ DE COMPAGNIE?"

*Tommy.* "OH NONG! BUT JUST AIN'T WE GOING TO SIT ON THE STAIRS OUTSIDE; THAT'S ALL!"

A PIS-ALLER.

"ARE THERE ANY NIGGERS ON THE BEACH THIS MORNING, MAMMIE?" "NO, DEAR; IT'S SUNDAY MORNING."
"OH, THEN I MAY AS WELL GO TO CHURCH WITH YOU!"

FASHIONABLE.

"HOW DO YOU LIKE ME IN THIS, VERA? TELL ME THE TRUTH."
"WELL, DEAR, IT LOOKS AS IF YOUR PET POODLE HAD DIED, AND YOU'D HAD HIM MADE UP AS A CLOAK!"

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"LIGHT AND LEADING."

"THE MUSIC IN OUR STREET."

"I KNOW WHAT I'M GOWIN' TO BE WHEN I GROW UP!"

"*WHAT* ARE YER GOWIN' TO BE WHEN YER GROW UP?"

"A WIDDER!"

A VOCATION.

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HAIR-BRUSHING BY MACHINERY.

"PLEASE, SIR, I THINK THE MACHINE WANTS OILING."

MR. BRUSH GOING TO OIL THE MACHINE.

THE MACHINE.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

*Miss Gushington.* "OH, DON'T YOU LIKE CHRISTMAS TIME, MR. BROWN, AND ALL ITS DEAR OLD CUSTOMS?" *(Brown don't seem to see it.)*

NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FAIR.

*Augustus.* "NOW, I'VE GOT YOU!"

CONSIDER OUR FEELINGS!

*Swell Tailor (to new customer, not from Belgravia).* "YOU'LL EXCUSE MY ASKING, SIR—BUT—A—YOU DON'T MEAN TO WEAR *OUR* CLOTHES WITH THAT HAT?!"

WHAT, INDEED?

*Stern Parient.* "I TELL YOU, SIR, I WILL NOT ALLOW IT—AND DON'T LET ME SEE ANY MORE NASTY PIPES OR TOBACCO IN THIS HOUSE."

*Young Williams.* "BOO-HOO—AND WHAT'S A FELLOW TO DO WHEN ALL THE MEN OF HIS OWN AGE SMOKE!"

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## A MAN OF PRINCIPLE.

WHEN COALS ARE SO DEAR, IT BEHOVES EVERY FAMILY MAN TO SEE THAT HE GETS THE PROPER NUMBER OF SACKS FOR HIS MONEY. PATERFAMILIAS DOES HIS DUTY LIKE A MAN, ALTHOUGH THE COALS ARRIVE JUST AT HIS DINNER-TIME, AND THE WEATHER IS RATHER INCLEMENT.

## WINTER IN THE SUBURBS.

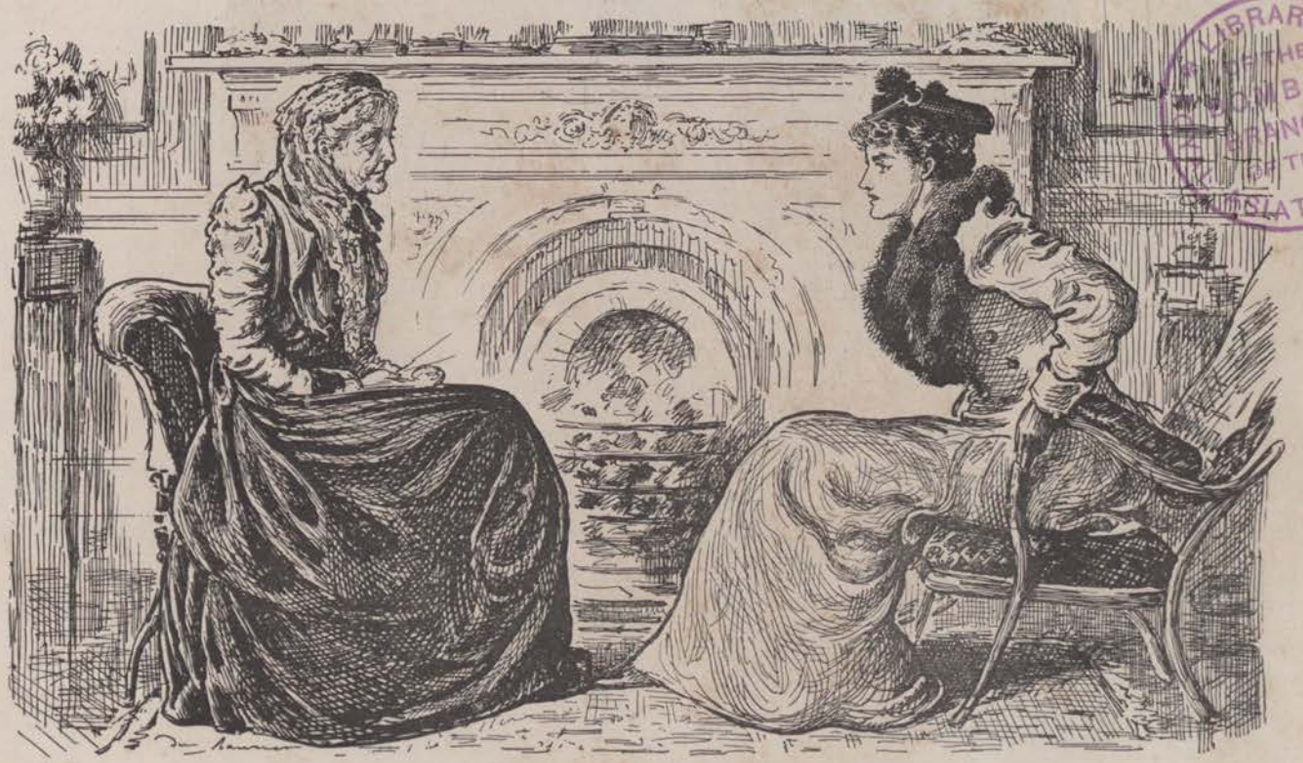
OUR DEAR OLD PATERFAMILIAS TAKES HIS OFFSPRING TO SEE THE PANTOMIME. UNFORTUNATELY, "THE ROADS IS SO ORRIBUL BAD AND SLIPPY," THAT HE IS OBLIGED TO WALK WITH HIS DARLINGS THE GREATER PART OF THE WAY HOME.

THE BARN DANCE.

*Old Lady (from the Country).* "IS YOUR AUNT JANE HERE TO-NIGHT, MATILDA?"

*Matilda.* "YES—THERE SHE IS—DANCING THE '*PAS DE QUATRE*' WITH LITTLE MR. SIMPKINS!"

*Old Lady.* "OH—SO *THAT'S* WHAT THEY CALL THE '*PAS DE QUATRE*'! I THINK THAT THE '*PAS DU TOUT*' WOULD BE MORE SUITABLE TO YOUR AUNT JANE!"



AWKWARD SPEECHES TO ANSWER.

*Old Lady (devoted to the Rector).* "TELL YOUR FATHER THAT IT IS MY EARNEST WISH *HE* SHOULD BURY ME WHEN I DIE."

*The Rector's Daughter.* "I'M SURE HE'LL BE DE— HE'LL BE PL— I MEAN HE—HE—A—A—WOULD BE SO—A—REALLY I MUST NOW BID YOU GOOD-BYE."

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HIS FIRST!

*Constable (suspiciously).* "THAT BAG, SIR—DOES IT CONTAIN —?"
*Little Barrister.* "MY BRIEF!"

## THE WEATHER IN PICCADILLY.

*Omnibus Driver.* "BILL! JIST BREAK THIS 'ERE HICICLE ORF MY NOSE WITH YER WHIP, THAT'S A GOOD FELLER! IT TAKES BOTH MY HANDS TO KEEP THESE 'OSSES ON THEIR LEGS."

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## EXPERTO CREDE.

*Our Dustman.* "'ERE'S THIS 'ERE BIG 'OUSE, BILL, ON THE LEFT, WHY I SHOULD SAY THEY'D TURN OVER THEIR MATTER O' THREE LOAD O' DUST A WEEK IN THE SEASON VITHOUT A HEFFORT!!"

## A PAINFUL SUBJECT.

*Old Gent (with tender feet).* "NOW, BOY, BE VERY CAREFUL!"

*Boy.* "OH, YES, YOUR HONOUR! THESE 'ERE KNOBS 'LL TAKE A BEAUTIFUL POLISH!"

## DISAGREEABLE BOYS.

*Boy.* "MY EYE, TOMMY! THERE'S THE HELEPHANT FROM THE S'LOGICAL GARDINGS GOING A SKATING!"

# WHAT'S IN A NAME?

*Fancy Studies of Certain People writing "To the Editor of the Times."*

MR. ROBERT SMITH WRITES TO STATE THAT HE IS NOT THE GENTLEMAN OF THAT NAME WHO WAS CHARGED AT BOW STREET WITH HAVING ASSAULTED FIVE POLICEMEN, AND BEATEN THEM BLACK AND BLUE WITH HIS FISTS.

MISS JANE ROBINSON, THAT SHE IS NOT THE LADY OF THAT NAME WHO (AS AN ANONYMOUS FRIEND INFORMS HER) BRINGS AN ACTION AGAINST A CORNET IN THE DRAGOONS FOR KISSING HER AGAINST HER WILL IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

MR. PERCY JONES, THAT HE'S NOT THE PERCY JONES WHO WAS CONVICTED OF HAVING FRAUDULENTLY OBTAINED GOODS FROM VARIOUS WEST-END TAILORS BY PASSING HIMSELF OFF AS THE HON. PERCY PLANTAGENET DE HOWARD.

MR. ADOLPHUS BROWN (GOWER STREET), THAT HE IS NOT THE AUTHOR OF AN ARTICLE OF FOUR COLUMNS IN THIS MORNING'S PAPER, CALLED "WORKHOUSE REFORM," AND SIGNED A. BROWN; IN WHICH "THAT GENTLEMAN EXPRESSES HIMSELF VITUPERATIVE AND PERSONAL RELATIVE TO THE ST. PANCRAS BOARD OF GUARDIANS."

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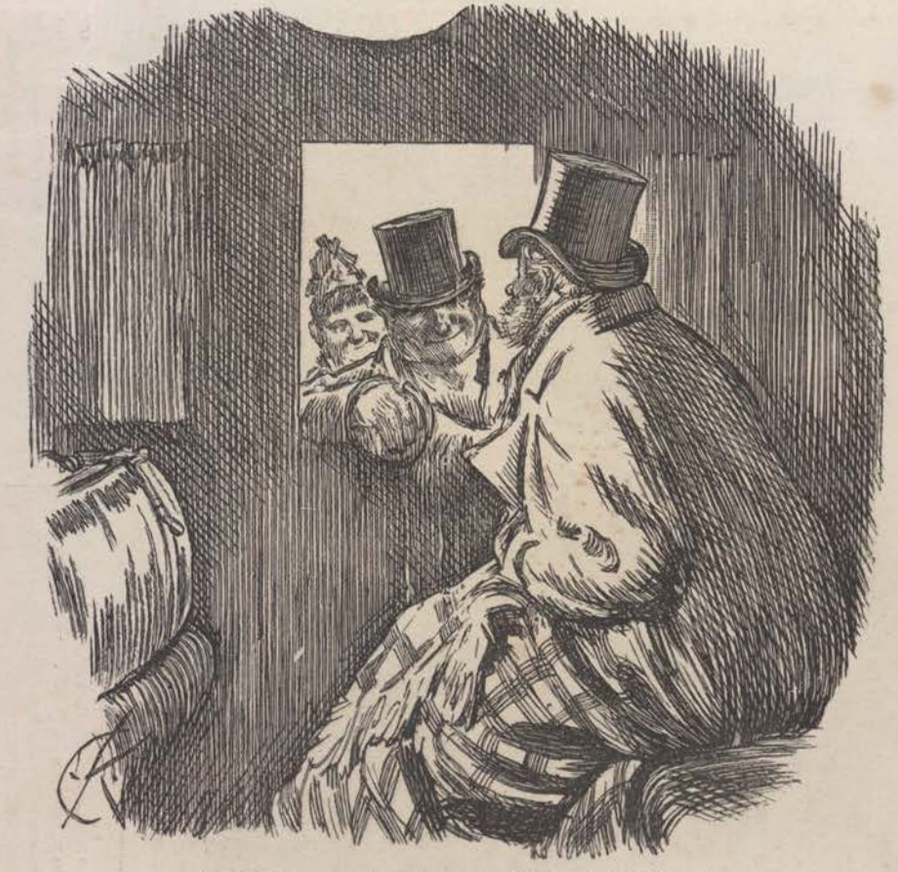
## A RISING JUNIOR.

*Old Lady (at the Law Courts).* "COULD YOU KINDLY DIRECT ME, SIR, TO—"

*Young Briefless.* "MY DEAR MADAM, I'M A PERFECT STRANGER MYSELF—DON'T THINK I'VE BEEN IN A COURT FOR THE LAST TWENTY YEARS!"



## "COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON."

*Guest.* "IT'S VERY KIND OF YOU TO—"

*Hosts.* "OH, WE SHOULD NOT HAVE FELT COMFORTABLE UNLESS WE'D COME WITH YOU, AND—SEEN THE LAST OF YOU—"!!

"POLITESSE OBLIGE."

*Hansom Cabby (suppressing a volley of imprecations at the tip of his tongue—the four-wheeler had narrowly grazed his horse's nose—as he'd a Lady inside).* "PRAY 'OW D'YER LIKE LONDON, SIR?"

"LIVE AND LET LIVE."

*Village Doctor (to the Grave-Digger, who is given to Whiskey).* "AH, JOHN! I'M SORRY TO SEE YOU IN THIS PITIABLE CONDITION AGAIN!"

*Grave-Digger.* "TOOTS, SIR! CAN YE NO' LET A'E LITTLE FAU'T O' MINE GAE BY? IT'S MONY A MUCKLE ANE O' YOURS I HA'E HAPPIT OWRE, AN' SAID NAETHING ABOOT!"

## FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.

*Curate (desirous to ingratiate himself with one of his flock).* "A FINE MORNING, MY FRIEND."
*One of his flock gives the slightest nod, and a grunt, and spits.*
*Curate (supposing that he had not been heard).* "A FINE MORNING, MY GOOD FRIEND."
*One of his flock.* "DID I SAY IT WARN'T? DO YOU WANT TO HARGUE, YOU BEGGAR?"

## AN ILLUSTRATION OF DARWINISM.

WITHOUT USE, AN ORGAN DWINDLES; WITH USE, IT INCREASES. FOR INSTANCE, THE ORGAN OF A GRINDER WHO, IN THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE, RELIES ENTIRELY ON HIS INSTRUMENT, IS INVARIABLY LARGER THAN THAT OF THE GRINDER WHO, IN ADDITION, USES A MONKEY. MOST OF OUR READERS MUST HAVE NOTICED THIS.

## A VERY HAPPY IDEA.

*Keeper.* "HAD EVER A *RUN*, SIR?"

*Gent.* "NO! BUT I WILL THOUGH, IF YOU'LL BE KIND ENOUGH TO WATCH MY FLOAT FOR A MINUTE OR TWO; FOR IT'S PRECIOUS COLD STANDING HERE, I CAN TELL YOU."

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## A CAREFUL MAN.

"WO—MARE! HANG IT!—ANYTHING IN REASON I DON'T MIND; BUT, AS A FATHER OF A FAMILY, I DON'T FEEL JUSTIFIED IN GOING AT SUCH A GATE AS THAT!"

"PLEASE TO REMEMBER THE WAITER."

"ALL RIGHT, SIR! MY FAULT!"

*Hungry Saxon (just arrived, with equally hungry family).* "WELL, NOW—ER—WHAT CAN YOU GIVE US FOR DINNER, AS SOON AS WE'VE HAD A WASH?"

*Scotch Lassie.* "OH,—JIST ONYTHING!"

*H. S. (rubbing his hands in anticipation).* "AH! NOW WE'LL HAVE A NICE JUICY STEAK."

*Lassie.* "A—WEEL, WE'LL BE HAEIN' SOME STEAK HERE MAYBE BY THE BOAT I' THE MORN'S MORN!"

*H. S. (a little crestfallen).* "OH—WELL—CHOPS THEN. WE'LL SAY MUTTON CHOPS."

*Lassie.* "OH, AY, BUT WE'VE NO BEEN KILLIN' A SHEEP THE DAY!"

*[Ends up with boiled eggs, and vows to remain at home for the future.]*

IN THE WILDS OF THE NORTH.

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OUR NEW M.F.H.

"WARE 'HARE!" SHOUTED MR. TOPPLE, TRYING TO CRACK HIS WHIP,—AND THIS WAS THE RESULT.

## ULTIMA RATIO.

*Small Rustic.* "YEOU CAN'T GO THAT WAY."
*Small Rustic.* "'CAUSE THERE'S—THERE'S HURDLES."
*Small Rustic.* "AND THEN THERE'S THE BULL!"

*Stalwart Young Lady (out Sketching).* "WHY NOT?"
*Stalwart Young Lady.* "BUT I CAN GET OVER HURDLES."

OFFENSIVE MODESTY.

*New Customer.* "I DON'T SO MUCH CARE WHAT THE THINGS ARE MADE OF, YOU KNOW. ALL I WANT IS TO LOOK LIKE A GENTLEMAN."

*Tailor (with uncalled-for diffidence).* "WELL, SIR, I CAN *ASSURE* YOU THAT I WILL DO MY VERY BEST!"

INCONVENIENCE OF MODERN MALE ATTIRE.

*First Stranger.* "HERE—HI! I WANT A KNIFE AND FORK, PLEASE!"

*Second Stranger.* "CON-FOUND YOU—SO DO I!"

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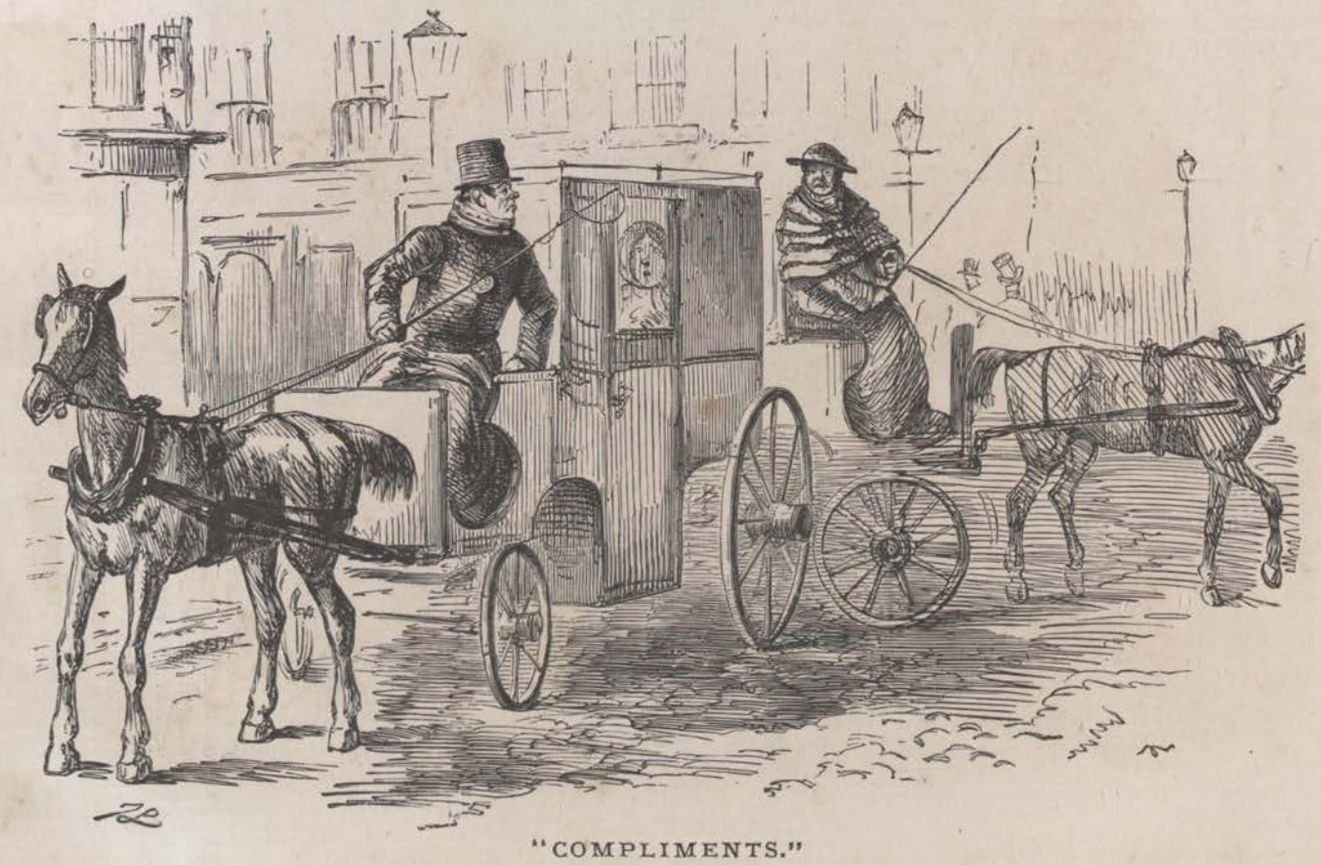
## HARD LINES.

"TALK O' MAKING £300 A-YEAR BY A CROSSIN' NOW-A-DAYS, WHY IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! WOT WITH THE SHOE-BLACKS FOR THE GENTS, AND THE LADIES A HOLDIN' UP THEIR GOWNDS SO AS THEY CAN'T GIT THEIR 'ANS IN THEIR POCKETS—WHY, IT AIN'T HARDLY BREAD AND CHEESE!"



## "COMPLIMENTS."

*First Cabby (who is run up against).* "NOW THEN! WHERE DID YOU PICK UP THAT OLD STRAWBERRY POTTLE YOU CALLS A CAB?"
*Second Cabby (retorts).* "SAME PLACE WHERE YER FOUND THAT BIT OF OLD RAG YOU CALLS A 'ORSE."

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## A LITTLE BIT OF HUMBUG.

*Shoemaker.* "I THINK, MUM, WE HAD BETTER MAKE YOU A PAIR. YOU SEE, MUM, YOURS IS SUCH A REMARKABLE LONG AND NARRER FOOT!"

## PREDESTINED!

*Northern Matron (before the School-Board).* "I'M NOT AGAINST EDDICATION, LADIES AND GEN'L'MEN. I AL'AYS MAKE HIM TAKE HIS BOOK O' NIGHTS. BUT REELLY I CALLS IT A FLYIN' IN THE FACE O' PROVIDENCE TO BE KEEPIN' A BOY OUT O' THE STABLES WITH SUCH A PAIR O' LEGS AS HIS'N!!"

## MOST CIVIL!

*Polite Little Girl (who, with her Nurse, Brother, and Sisters, has been shown over a small Cocoa-Nut Matting Factory).* "THANK YOU SO VERY MUCH FOR YOUR KINDNESS!"

*Thirsty Workman.* "QUITE WELCOME, MISS! WE SHOULD LIKE TO DRINK YOUR *'EALTHS*, MISS!"

*Polite Little Girl.* "O, *THANK* YOU! THAT IS *VERY* KIND OF YOU! WE SHALL BE DELIGHTED! GOOD AFTERNOON!"

CONTUMACY.

"HOW STUPID YOU ARE TO-DAY, EVA!"
"I'M *NOT* STUPID! I'M *INATTENTIVE!*"

THE CHILD OF THE PERIOD.

"WHY DID THAT POLICEMAN TOUCH HIS HAT TO YOU, AUNTY? HAVE YOU GOT ONE AS WELL AS NURSE?"

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## RECRIMINATION.

*Coster (who had been having "words" with Swell Coachman).* "WHY, WHEN I KNOWED YOU AFORE, YOU WAS A-SELLIN' FUSEES; AN' NOW YER'VE GOT A 'SPECTABLE SITIVATION YOU DON' KNOW 'OW TO BE'AVE YERSELF. 'SHAMED OF YER!!" *[Delight of bystanders.*

## FIENDISH REVENGE.

"OH, GEORGE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO MY BEAUTIFUL TERRA-COTTA PLATES?"
"ONLY PRACTISING FOR THE TERRA-COTTA PIGEON, MY LOVE!"

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## FAMILY CARES.

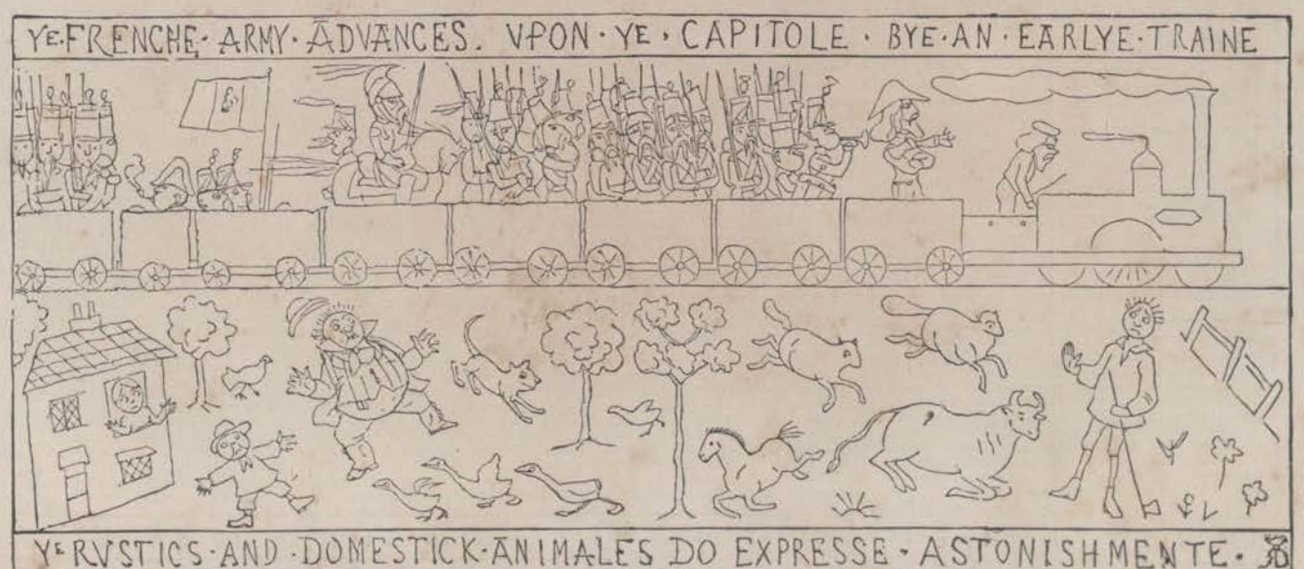
*First Excursionist.* "INT'RESTIN' RUINS THESE, SIR."
*Second Ditto (the Bread-Winner).* "'MYE-ES. 'DON'T CARE FOR RUINS M'SELF THOUGH." *(Pointing to his Olive Branches in the background.)* "THEM'S RUIN ENOUGH FOR ME!"

A FEW FRIENDS TO TEA AND A LYTTLE MUSYCK.

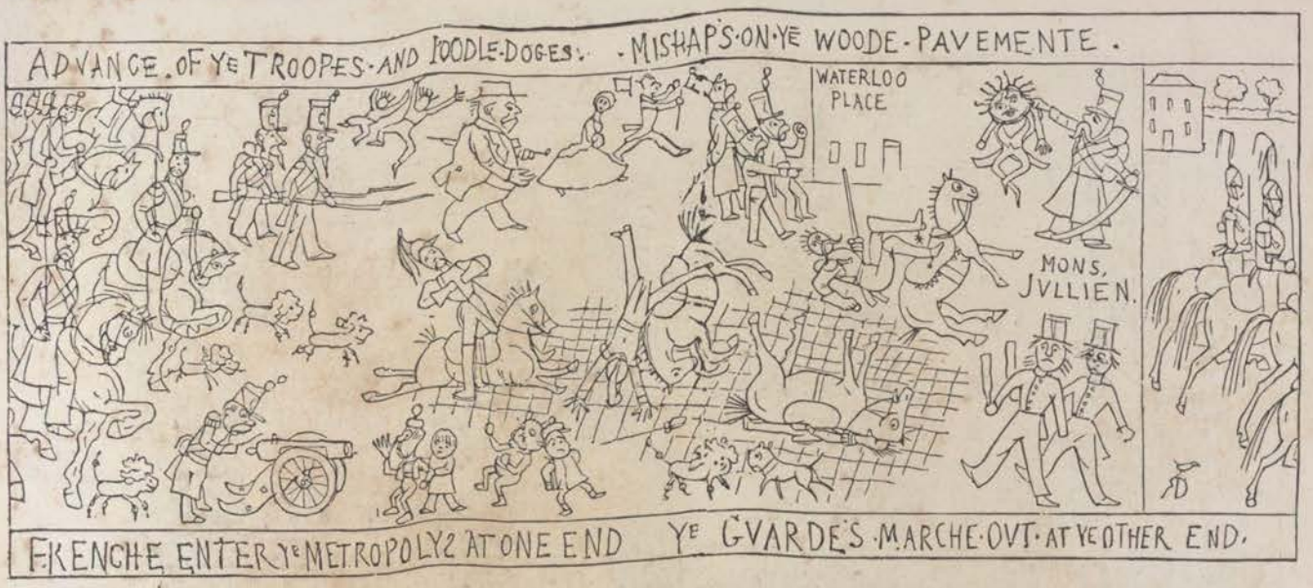
# YE FORAYE OF THE FRENCHE.

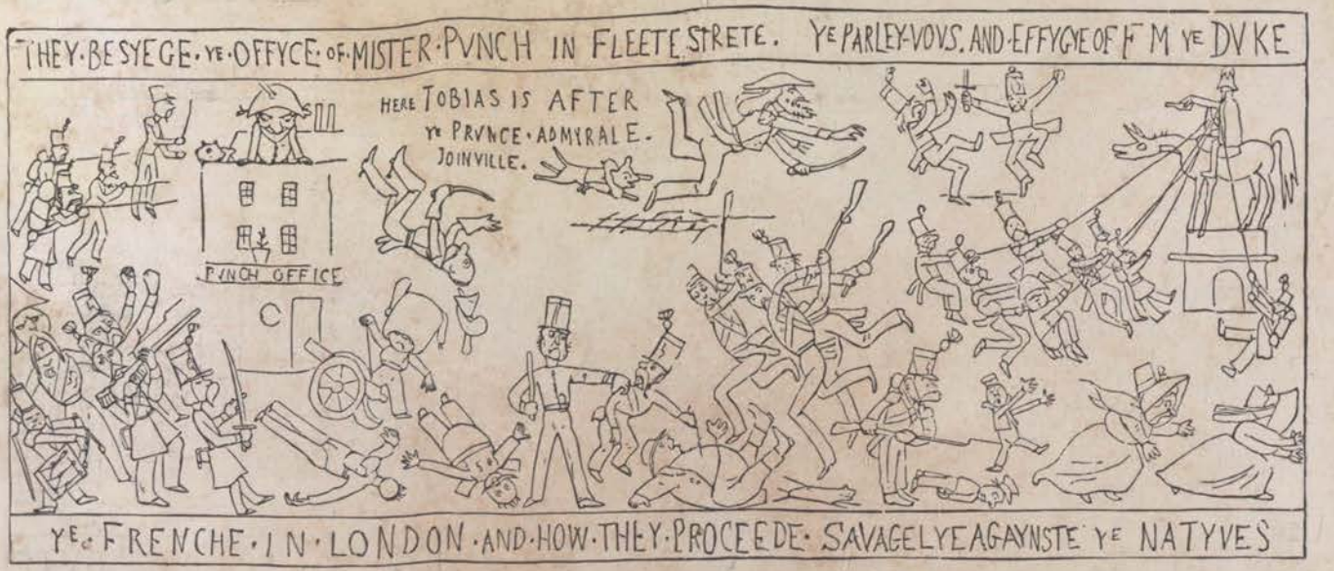
HERE·YE FRENCHE·ARE·SEENE·CROSSYNGE·YE·BRYTYSHE·CHANNELE·

HERE··THE·FRENCHE·ARE·SEENE·LANDYNGE· LOOKE·OVTE




YE·RVSTICS·AND·DOMESTICK·ANIMALES DO EXPRESSE·ASTONISHMENTE·


ADVANCE OF YE TROOPES AND POODLE-DOGES. MISHAPS ON YE WOODE PAVEMENTE.
WATERLOO PLACE
MONS. JVLLIEN.
FRENCHE ENTER YE METROPOLYZ AT ONE END YE GVARDES MARCHE OVT AT YE OTHER END.


THEY BESYEGE YE OFFYCE OF MISTER PVNCH IN FLEETE STRETE. YE PARLEY-VOVS AND EFFYGYE OF Fᵀᴹ YE DVKE
HERE TOBIAS IS AFTER YE PRVNCE ADMYRALE. JOINVILLE.
PVNCH OFFICE
YE FRENCHE IN LONDON AND HOW THEY PROCEEDE SAVAGELYE AGAYNSTE YE NATYVES

JOINVILLE.
BRYTISHE CHANNEL
YE FOREIGNERS RVNNINGE . MᵀTOBIE . Mᵀ PVNCH.
YE FINIS
HERE YE FRENCHE ARE SEENE LEAVINGE YE COVNTRIE IN HASTE

THE MODEL LODGING-HOUSE.

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BON-BONS FOR JUVENILE PARTIES.

*Alfred.* "I SAY, FRANK, ARN'T YOU GOING TO HAVE SOME SUPPER?"
*Frank.* "A—NOT AT PRESENT. I SHALL WAIT TILL THE WOMEN LEAVE THE ROOM."

## "CAPPING" HIM.

*Dr. Switcher (who had discovered "Bull's eyes" about, and traced them to the original donor).* "DON'T YOU KNOW, MUGGINS, THERE'S AN OLD PROVERB THAT 'FOOLS GIVE FEASTS AND WISE MEN EAT THEM'?"

*Muggins.* "YES, SIR, AND THERE'S ANOTHER ONE, SIR." *[Coughs and hesitates.*

*The Doctor.* "WHAT'S THAT, SIR? NOW, SIR"—*(noticing a reticence)*—"WHAT IS IT, SIR?"—*(sternly)*—"OR ELSE——!"

*Muggins (seeing no escape).* "PLEASE, SIR, 'W—WISE MEN MAKE PROVERBS AND F—FOOLS REPEA——" *[Catches it!*

## "CONSULTATIONS DAILY."

*Boy.* "MR. PESTLE'S OUT OF TOWN, MEM. CAN I GIVE YOU ANY ADWICE?"

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## EARNING HIS CERTIFICATE.

*Family Doctor.* "AND NO PORT, MIND; IF YOU DRINK PORT WINE YOU'LL HAVE ANOTHER ATTACK OF GOUT, AS SURE AS FATE."

*Country Gentleman.* "QUITE CERTAIN?"

*Doctor.* "NO DOUBT ABOUT IT."

*Country Gentleman,* "THE VERY THING. YOU STAY AND DINE; WE'LL HAVE SOME OF THAT 'THIRTY-FOUR,' AND—I'M SUMMONED ON A *JURY* THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW!"

THE CYCLIST CENTAUR.

THE DREAM OF A (PNEUMATIC) TYRO

'ARRY IN ST. PETERSBURGH.

HE TRIES TO MAKE A DROSKI-DRIVER UNDERSTAND THAT HE COULD HAVE GONE THE SAME DISTANCE IN A HANSOM FOR LESS MONEY.

## POSITIVELY OSTENTATIOUS.

*Mr. Phunkstick (quite put out).* "TALK ABOUT AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION, INDEED! DON'T BELIEVE IN IT! NEVER SAW FENCES KEPT IN SUCH DISGUSTINGLY GOOD ORDER IN MY LIFE!"

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## ENCOURAGING.

*Nervous Man (who hires his Hunters).* "KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS MARE? RINGBONE TELLS ME SHE'S AS CLEVER AS A MAN!"

*Friend.* "CLEVER AS A MAN? CLEVER AS A WOMAN MORE LIKE IT! SEEN HER PLAY SOME FINE OLD GAMES WITH TWO OR THREE FELLOWS, I CAN TELL YOU!"

## A QUESTION OF THE SENSES.

*First County Councillor.* "I'M TOLD THE *ACOUSTICS* OF THIS HALL LEAVE MUCH TO BE DESIRED, MR. BROWN!"

*Second C. C. (delicately sniffing).* "INDEED, SIR POMPEY? CAN'T SAY AS I PERCEIVE ANYTHINK AMISS, MYSELF; AND MY NOSE IS PRETTY SHARP, TOO!"

## A PRICELESS POSSESSION.

*Mrs. Golightly.* "OH, I HOPE YOU WON'T THINK IT RUDE, BUT WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME WHAT THAT WONDERFUL BLACK STONE YOU'RE WEARING IS?"

*Mrs. Luxor.* "OH, CERTAINLY. I FIND MOST PEOPLE ENVY ME THAT. IT'S A PIECE OF REAL ENGLISH COAL!"

*Mrs. Golightly.* "HOW WONDERFUL! AH, I WISH *MY* HUSBAND WAS A MILLIONAIRE!"

## FELINE AMENITIES.

"I *WISH* YOU HADN'T ASKED CAPTAIN WAREHAM, LIZZIE. HORRID MAN! I CAN'T BEAR HIM!"

"DEAR ME, CHARLOTTE—ISN'T THE WORLD BIG ENOUGH FOR YOU BOTH?"

"YES; BUT YOUR LITTLE DINING-ROOM *ISN'T!*"

## "SOUNDS SHOCKING."

*Mrs. R. (at the Silversmith's).* "I CAN'T AFFORD THIS 'SERVICE'—IT'S REAL SILVER, AND LOVELY! BUT WOULD YOU KINDLY SHOW ME SOME OF YOUR ELECTRIC PLATE?"

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*British Nimrod (who has shot Tigers in India, and Lions in South Africa).* "THE FACT IS, HERR MULLER, THAT I DON'T CARE MUCH FOR SPORT UNLESS IT CONTAINS THE ELEMENT OF DANGER."

*German Nimrod.* "ACH ZO? YOU ARE VONT OF *TAINCHER?* DEN YOU SHOULD GOM ANT SHOOD MIT *ME!* VY, ONLY DE ODER TAY I SHOODET MY BRODER-IN-LAW IN DE SHDOMAG!"

ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

DEPRECIATIVE.

*Defendant (on Bail).* "'IM MY COUNSELLOR! THEN BLOWED IF I DON'T CONDUC' MY OWN CASE IN PUSSON!"

*Ambitious Wife of his Lordly Bosom.* "I WISH YOU'D GO ON A STARRING TOUR IN AMERICA, MY LOVE, AND TAKE THE CHOIR WITH YOU. IT *WOULD* BE SUCH A SUCCESS! THERE'S NO CHOIR CAN TOUCH OURS, YOU KNOW—AND YOU'RE *QUITE* THE HANDSOMEST OF THE ENGLISH BISHOPS!"

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HAPPY THOUGHT!

A BAD CASE.

"GOOD HEAVENS, CHILD! WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOUR HUSBAND?"

"OH PAPA! HE ALWAYS GOES ON LIKE THAT WHEN I ASK HIM TO TAKE ME TO A THEATRE! AND THE WORST OF IT IS, HE SAYS THERE IS APOPLEXY IN HIS FAMILY!—AND SO OF COURSE I HAVE TO *GIVE IN!*" [*Bursts into tears.*

THE GILDED PILL.

*Doctor.* "NOTHING IN OUR EXPERIENCE, MADAM, IS MORE MYSTERIOUS THAN THESE OBSCURE NERVOUS COMPLAINTS, AND THE SYMPTOMS THEY EXACTLY SIMULATE; AS, FOR EXAMPLE, IN A HIGHLY-STRUNG NEUROPATHIC CONSTITUTION LIKE YOUR OWN, WHERE ALL THE PHENOMENA ACCOMPANYING —ER—OVER-EATING ARE EXHIBITED, AND WHICH, ABSURD AS IT MAY APPEAR, MUST BE TREATED AS IF FOR THAT ACTUAL DISORDER!"

*Sir Gorgius's Footman.* "WHERE HAVE YOU DROPPED *YOUR* PEOPLE, MR. PLUNKETT?"

*The Duke of Stilton's Footman.* "OH, I SHOT *MY* RUBBISH AT PRINCE'S GATE. WHERE HAVE YOU SHOT *YOURS*?"

RESPECTFUL.

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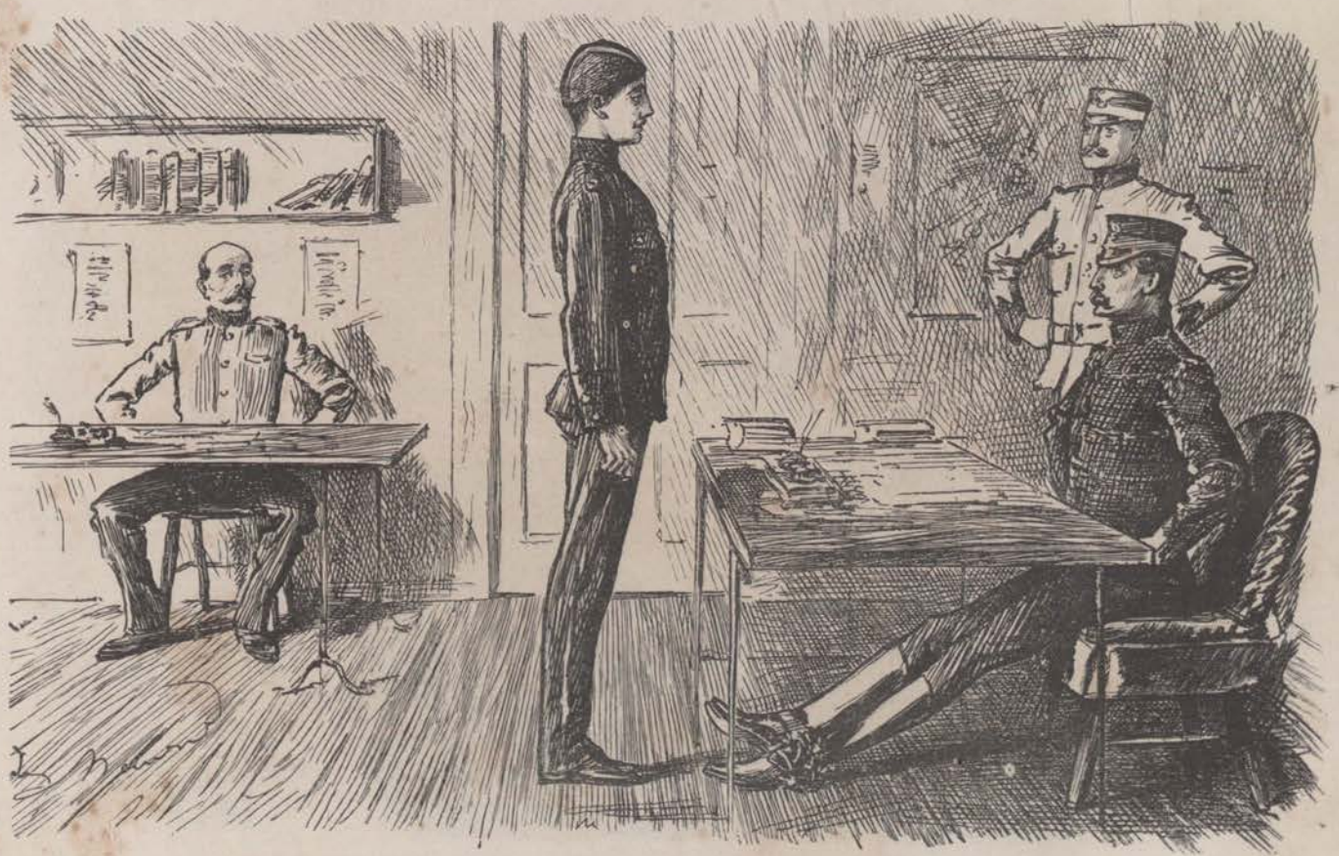

"THE PLAY'S THE THING!"

"COULD I HAVE A FORTNIGHT'S LEAVE, SIR?" "WHAT FOR, PRAY?" "URGENT PRIVATE THEATRICALS!"

## THE POST CARD.

*Landlady (reads):* "'MARLBRO'-HOUSE. DEAR JOE—LOOK IN TO TEA AND SHRIMPS ON YOUR WAY HOME TO-NIGHT. WE'RE ALL ALONE, AND THE PRINCESS AND THE YOUNG ONES 'LL BE DELIGHTED. YOURS EVER, ALBERT EDWARD!'—WELL, IF EVER I DID!—I'D NO IDEA!— AN' I WAS JUST GOIN' TO GIVE THE POOR, DEAR, YOUNG FELLOW A BIT O' MY MIND ABOUT HIS RENT!"

*[N.B. The stratagem was successful.*

## BRETHREN IN BLACK.

*Stingy Parson.* "YOUR CHARGE SEEMS A HIGH ONE, SWEEP. YOU EARN YOUR MONEY VERY EASILY!"

*Sweep (with a grin).* "YES, SIR, WE GEN'LEMEN O' THE 'CLOTH' DO, SIR! *DON'T* WE?"

"OUR BOYS."

*Master Tom (to Old Lady who is very nervous about fire).* "IT'S ALL RIGHT, GRANMA! MY CANDLE IS OUT. I'M ONLY SMOKING MY USUAL WEED!"

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A HINT TO JOBMASTERS.—THE SUBURBAN FLYMAN.

*Maid.* "OH, COACHMAN! MISSUS SAY, YOU'RE TO COVER YOURSELF WITH THIS RUG, AND NOT TO MOVE OFF THE BOX; BECAUSE YOUR GAITERS AND LEGS AND THINGS ARE REALLY SO VERY SHOCKING."

## "A VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTION."

*Philistine Wife.* 'YOUR PAPER ISN'T AT ALL AMUSING JUST NOW. BUT THERE, I MUST CONFESS IT IS *NOT* EASY TO BE EITHER FUNNY OR WITTY EVERY WEEK."

*Journalist (much worried).* "NO, MY DEAR, MUCH EASIER TO BE ALWAYS DULL AND PROSAIC EVERY EVENING."

*[He was about to add a personal illustration, but as, fortunately, he didn't, the subject dropped.*

*Irish Contributor (at a "check").* "BY THE POWERS — 'WISH I HADN'T BOUGHT THIS THYPE-WRITER-R—'TCANN'T SPELL A BIT!"

A FAILURE!

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"IN KIND."

*Country Editor's Wife.* "OH, JOHN DEAR! SOMEBODY'S SENT US SUCH A SPLENDID SALMON!"
*Editor (after a moment's thought).* "AH, YES—I KNOW—AND CHEAP TOO! ONY HALF A COLUMN!"

## KIND INQUIRIES.

*The Dean's Wife.* "IS THE DEAR BISHOP STILL LIVING?"

*Episcopal Butler.* "OH YES, MA'AM. HE'S *BETTER* TO-DAY! WE'RE ALL SAYING HE'S GOING TO DISAPPOINT 'EM *YET!*"

## TRUTHFUL BUT NOT CONSCIENTIOUS.

*Elderly Dowager.* "NOW, PERKINS, I REQUIRE YOUR HONEST OPINION. DON'T YOU THINK THIS DRESS SUITS ME?"

*Perkins (who has been cautioned always to speak the truth, on pain of losing her place, aside).* "OH YES, MY LADY, IT SUITS YOUR LADYSHIP QUITE—AS ONE MAY SAY—QUITE 'DOWN TO THE GROUND!'"

## HIS OPPORTUNITY.

*Young Hawkins (finding young Mr. Merton, the model of his office, in an unexpected haunt).* "HULLO, MERTON, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? HAVE A SHERRY AND BITTERS?"

*Young Merton.* "NO, THANK YOU, HAWKINS; I'M AFRAID IT WOULD GO TO MY HEAD."

*Hawkins.* "SO MUCH THE BETTER, OLD MAN. NATURE ABHORS A VACUUM, YOU KNOW."

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## LEGAL IMPROVEMENTS.

*During the Adjournment, their Lordships will assist in the Refreshment Department.*

*Thirsty Attorney.* "NOT TOO MUCH FROTH ON, MY LUD!"

## THE GENIAL SEASON.

*Hungry-looking Acquaintance (with eye to invitation).* "SO GLAD TO SEE YOU ENJOYING YOURSELF!"
*Fat Chap (evidently doing well).* "WRONG AGAIN, OLD MAN. I'M ENJOYING MY DINNER!"

*Sentry.* "COME ORF THE GRASS!"

*Yokel.* "WHA-A-AT?"

*Sentry.* "GOT ANY TOBAKKER, MISTER?"

*Yokel.* "NO—I AIN'T."

*Sentry.* "THEN COME ORF THE GRASS!"

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## OUR NORTHERN VOLUNTEERS.

## ENCOURAGING!

*The Rector.* "GOOD MORNING, MR. SMITHERS, AND WHAT DO THEY SAY OF OUR ENTERTAINMENT LAST NIGHT?" (*"Penny Reading," and Part-Songs by the Church Choir.*) "AND MY SHAKSPEARIAN RECITATION, DID THEY LIKE IT?"

*Farmer Smithers (Churchwarden).* "O—H, YES, SIR—SEEMIN'LY. I HAVEN'T HEARD NO COMPLAINTS, SIR!"

MRS. LYON HUNTER AT HOME.

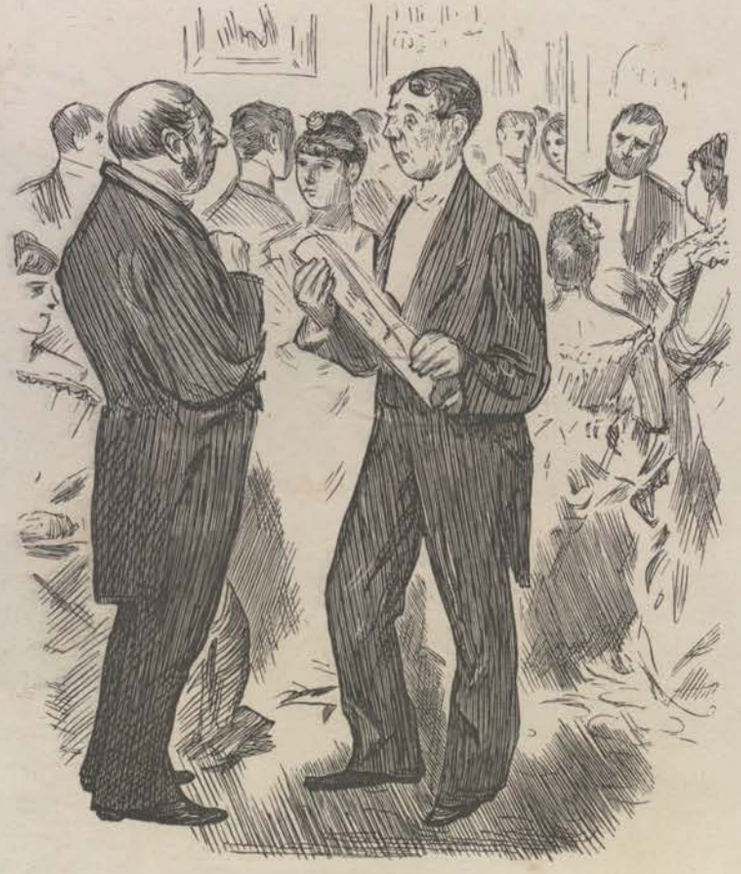
*Tommy Hunter (who ought to be in bed—to his Friend, ditto).* "I SAY—LET'S CHANGE ALL THE NUMBERS!" *[They do it!*

"THE STANDARD."

*First Country Boy.* "'A' YOU LEFT THE SCHOOL? WHA' FOR?"
*Second Ditto.* "SH' SAHY SHE CAN'T LEARN ME NO MORE!"

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

*Captain Bulsize.* "HERE! I WANT A HAT, PLEASE!" *Sir James.* "SO DO I!"



APPRECIATIVE.

*Amateur Tenor.* "I SHALL JUST SING ONE MORE SONG, AND THEN I SHALL GO."
*Sarcastic Friend.* "COULDN'T YOU GO FIRST?"

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## INSTINCTIVE CRITICAL ACUMEN.

"THAT LOOKS LIKE AN OLD PICTURE, JOHN! WHAT IS IT?"

"IT'S 'MOSES STRIKING THE ROCK'!"

"AH! I TOLD YOU IT WAS OLD—*DIDN'T* I, NOW!"

*Irish Beggar-Woman (to Dignitary of the Church).* "BUY A BOX O' LUCIFERS, YER RIV'RENCE? OCH, SHURE, WID SUCH ILIGANT CALVES, YE CANN'T HAVE A HAR-RD HEART!"

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IRRESISTIBLE.

"THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM."

*Mr. Foozler (who, while waiting for the last Train, has wandered to the end of the Platform, opened the door of the Signal-box, and watched the Signalman's manipulations of the levers for some moments with hazy perplexity, suddenly).* "ARF O' BURT'N 'N BIRRER F' ME, GUV'NOR!"

WONDERFUL INSTINCT OF THE GIRAFFE,

BY WHICH IT ESCAPES DIPHTHERIA DURING THE WINTER. *(N.B. A Positive Fact.)*

A GENERAL SALUTE.

*Captain Dyngwell, 1st R. V. (sotto voce).* "NOW, WHAT THE DOOCE CAN THESE SYMPSON GALS MEAN BY LOOKING IN THAT RIDICULOUS MANNER?"

## THE CONTRAST.

MR. ALGERNON MUGGLES REQUESTS THE PLEASURE OF WALTZING WITH MISS LAVINIA SPRINGFUTE:

BUT AS HE CAN ONLY SCUFFLE ABOUT IN WHAT HE CALLS THE "DOO TONG," AND LAVINIA "DOTES" ON THE OLD THREE-TIME BUSINESS (AND WHICH THE MUSICIANS ARE PLAYING), THEY CORDIALLY HATE EACH OTHER IN ABOUT TWO MINUTES!

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## VOCAL QUARTETT ENDS (LAMELY).

*Juvenile 1st Treble (in great wrath).* "OUT OF TUNE? AND NO WONDER AT IT. I'LL DEFY YOU TO SING IN TUNE WITH THE GUV'NOR SNORING AWAY ON THAT CONFOUNDED E♭ OF HIS ALL THE TIME."

## A WEIGHTY MATTER.

*Frederic (a very big boy).* "THAT'S A NICEISH PONY OF YOURS, CHARLEY.—BY THE BYE, HOW HEAVY ARE YOU?"

*Charley.* "WELL, WITHIN A POUND OF THREE STONE, I'M SORRY TO SAY."

*Frederic.* "OH, I CALL THAT A NICE WEIGHT. NOW, I'M OBLIGED TO HAVE VERY EXPENSIVE PONIES, FOR, WITH SADDLE AND BRIDLE, I DON'T RIDE LESS THAN FOUR STONE TWO!"

## AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS!

*Young Farmer, No. 1.* "WELL, CHARLEY—HAVE YOU HAD MUCH SHOOTING LATELY?"

*Young Farmer, No. 2.* "WHY, NO; WHAT WITH HUNTING TWO DAYS A-WEEK, AND COURSING TWO DAYS, I DON'T GET MUCH TIME TO GO OUT WITH A GUN."

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## A MERE TRIFLE.

*Startled Visitor.* "HULLO!—WHY, LOOK HERE!—WHY, I SAY, STODGE!—WHY!"

*Stodge.* "OH! IT'S NOTHING, OLD FELLOW.—ALL RIGHT,—ONLY THE CHIMNEY ON FIRE!"

"DON'T CRY, THERE'S A DA-ARLING! AND IT SHALL HAVE A COCHIN-

CHINA EGG — THAT IT SHALL — A LITTLE COSSET!"

THE POULTRY MANIA.

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BAD HANGING. (DEDICATED TO THE R.A.'S.)

FIGGINS, OUR COAL MERCHANT, HAS A GORGEOUS DESIGN PAINTED ON HIS SHUTTERS (LANDSCAPE AND VAN); BUT SEE HOW THE EFFECT WAS MARRED BY THE INJUDICIOUS HANGING OF HIS STUPID BOY.

## NOT A PERSONAL ALLUSION.

*Stout Gent.* "DEAR! DEAR! SO HE HAS FORMED AN ATTACHMENT THAT YOU DON'T APPROVE OF! AH! WELL, THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING. DEPEND UPON IT, MA'AM, THERE'S A *SKELETON SOMEWHERE IN EVERY HOUSE!*"

## MRS. J. HAS THE BEST OF IT!

*Paterfamilias.* "MRS. JONES M-MATILDA! WHY!—EH!—WHAT THE DEUCE——"

*Mrs. J.* "YES, MR. J. YOU HAVE BEEN GOING ON SO ABOUT THE CRINOLINE, THAT I THOUGHT I WOULD TRY HOW YOU LIKED THIS STYLE OF THING. SO, COME, JONES, COME OUT FOR A WALK!"

## SINCERITY.

*Niece.* "I'M WRITING TO CLARA SMITH, AUNT. SHALL I SAY ANYTHING FROM YOU?"
*Aunt.* "YOU MAY GIVE HER MY LOVE, DEAR. HOW I DO DISLIKE THAT GIRL, TO BE SURE!!"

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## A DISAPPOINTMENT.

"IT'S A LOVELY DOLL, DEAR GRANDPA AND GRANDMA—BUT—BUT—I'D BEEN HOPING IT WOULD BE *TWINS!*"

## AMANTIUM IRÆ.

*Angry Wife of his Bosom.* "I WISH I WAS DEAD AND CREMATED, AND MY ASHES PUT IN AN URN ON YOUR DRESSING-ROOM TABLE, AND THEN PERHAPS YOU'D BE S-S-SORRY!"

*Facetious Monster (a member, we regret to say, of the Stock Exchange).* "MY DEAR, THAT WOULDN'T *END* THE *FAMILY JARS*—IT WOULD ONLY BEGIN THEM!"

## PARTING SHOT.

*She.* "AND NOW, MY DEAR, HAVING GIVEN YOU A BIT OF MY MIND, I'M OFF TO THE DENTIST TO HAVE MY TOOTH STOPPED."

*He.* "EXCELLENT, DEAR. AND, WHILE HE'S ABOUT IT, ASK HIM TO STOP YOUR TONGUE ALSO!" [*Exit "She who CAN'T be obeyed."*

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

"PENNY 'ADDICK." "FINEN?" "NO THICK 'UN!"

NO FEAR FOR THE CONSCIENCE CLAUSE.

*Priest (teaching Catechism in Catholic School).* "NOW, SAUNDERS, REPEAT THE TEN——"
*All the other Boys.* "PLEASE, FATHER, THIS 'ERE BOY'S A PRO'S'TANT II"

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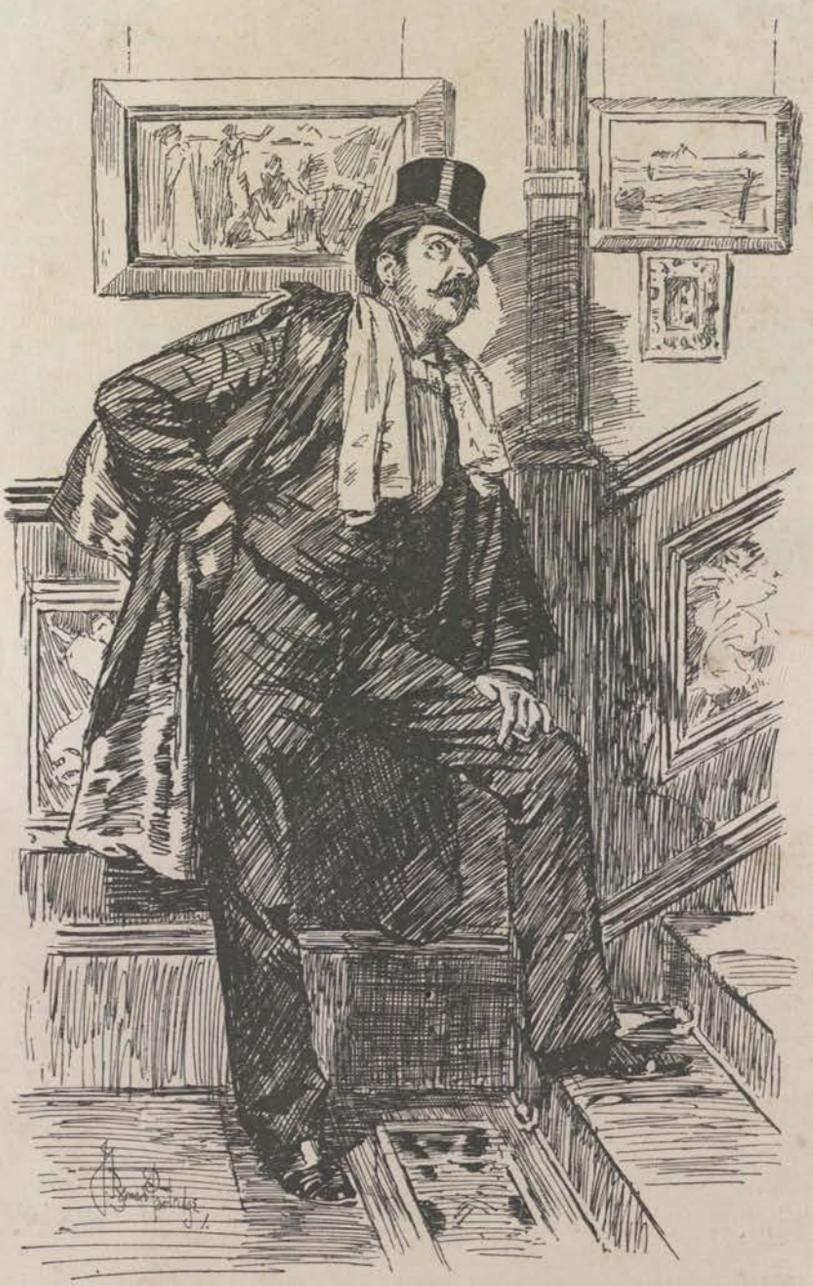

## CONCLUSIVE!

*Mr. Moriarty.* "LOOK HERE, ADA, HOW MUCH LONGER, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, ARE YE GOIN' TO BE DRESSIN' YOURSELF?"

*Voice from the Heights.* "ONLY TEN MINUTES, DEAR!"

*Mr. Moriarty.* "WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS, IF I'VE GOT TO WAIT HERE TEN MINUTES, I'LL—I'LL BE OFF THIS BLESSED MOMENT!"

## A LARGE ORDER.

"A—LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO MY WIFE. *SHE DANCES!*"

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## TRYING!

*(Very young Married Woman, dreadfully nervous, presiding at her own "Five o'Clock.")*

*First Lady.* "NO SUGAR IN *MY* TEA, PLEASE!"
*Second Lady.* "OH, PLEASE, ONLY A VERY LITTLE MILK IN MY TEA!"
*Third Lady.* "OH, PARDON! NO MILK AT ALL IN *MY* TEA!"
*Fourth Lady.* "NO CREAM, PLEASE, IN MY TEA!"
*Cantankerous Old Gentleman.* "UM! NO WATER IN MY TEA, PLEASE!"

## "WELL MATCHED."

*Medico (pathetically, with a view to touching the Dealer's heart).* "NOW, MR. BOBBS, WHAT *DO* YOU THINK I COULD GET A THOROUGHLY GOOD USEFUL PAIR OF HORSES FOR, EH? PRICE NOT STIFF."

*Mr. Bobbs.* "LOR' BLESS YOU, SIR, TO FIND HORSES—NOTHIN' EASIER. BUT, AS REGARDS *PRICE*—WELL—YOU CAN HAVE 'EM AT ALL PRICES, JUST AS YOU CAN DOCTORS!"

## NATURAL INSTINCT.

"WISH YOU'D FEED YOUR HORSE BEFORE HE COMES OUT."

"EH—WHY—HANG IT!—WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"

"HE'S ALWAYS TRYING TO EAT MY BOOTS. HE EVIDENTLY THINKS THERE'S SOME CHANCE OF GETTING AT A LITTLE CORN!"

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FOGGY WEATHER.

"HAS MR. SMITH BEEN HERE?" "YES; HE WAS HERE ABOUT AN HOUR AGO."
"WAS I WITH HIM?"

## ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

*Brown (heartily).* "AH, JONES, HOW ARE YOU? BEEN ON THE ICE, I SEE."

*Jones (dismally).* "*IN* THE ICE, MY GOOD FRIEND, *IN* THE ICE!"

## PRECISE.

*Driver (impatient).* "NOW, BILL, WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?"

*Conductor.* "GE'TLEMAN WANTS TO BE PUT DOWN AT NO. 20A IN CLARINGDON SQUARE, FUST PORTICO ON THE RIGHT AFTER YOU PASS THE 'RED LION,' PRIVATE ENTRANCE ROUND THE CORNER!"

*Driver.* "O, CERTAINLY! ASK THE GE'TLEMAN IF WE SHALL DRIVE UP-STAIRS, AN' SET 'IM DOWN AT 'IS BED-ROOM DOOR IN THE THREE-PAIR BACK?"

# THE PHILOSOPHER'S REVENGE.—(A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.)

CHAP. I.

CHAP. II.

CHAP. III.

CHAP. IV.

CHAP. V.

CHAP. VI.

CHAP. VII.

CHAP. VIII.

OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

# THE PHILOSOPHER'S REVENGE.—(A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.)

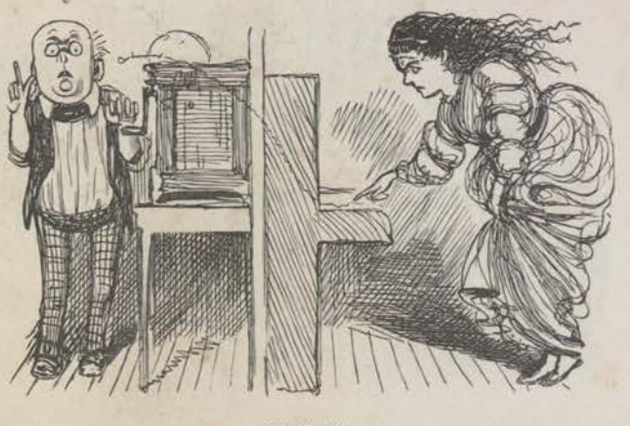
CHAP. IX.

CHAP. X.

CHAP. XI.

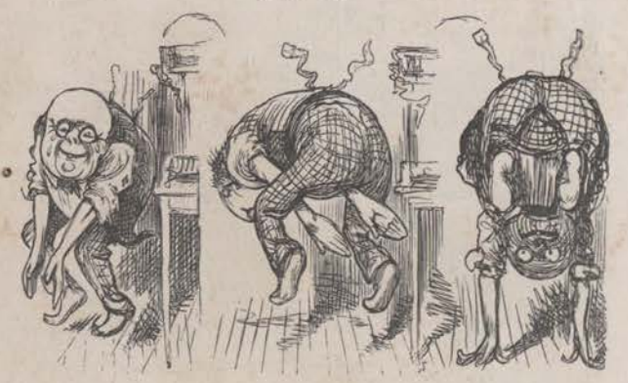
CHAP. XII.

CHAP. XIII.

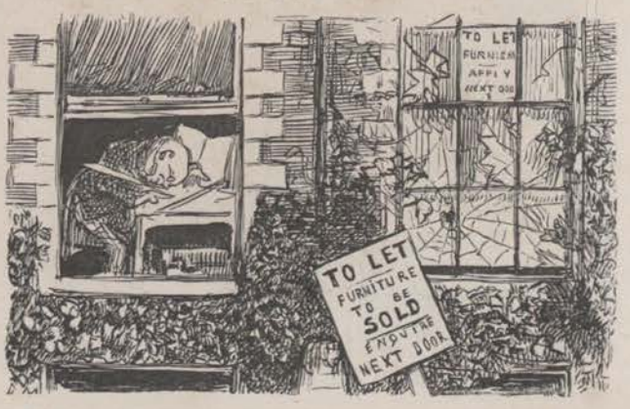


CHAP. XIV.

CHAP XV.



CHAP. XVI. AND LAST.



NEW LEATHERS, TOO!

*Jones (very particular man).* "H'M! THIS COMES OF BRINGING DOWN A BOTTLE OF HUNTING VARNISH FOR A FRIEND!"

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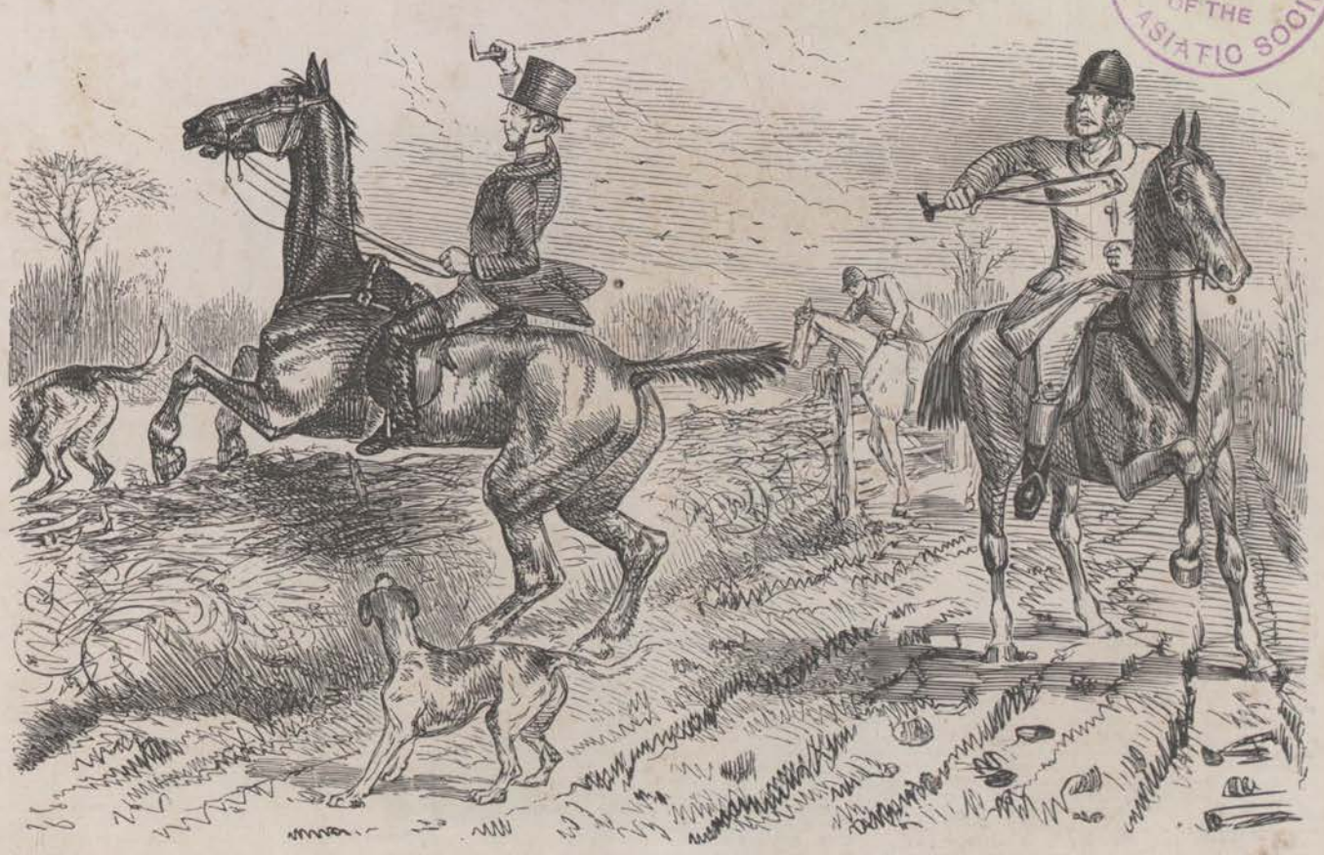

A SAVAGE REPROOF.

*Indignant Master of Hounds.* "NOW, YOU SIR! MIND THE HOUND! HE'S WORTH FORTY TIMES AS MUCH AS YOUR HORSE."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

*Mother.* "NOW, VAL, COME AND SAY YOUR CATECHISM. WHAT IS YOUR NAME?"
*Val.* "DON'T KNOW."
*Mother.* "OH YES, YOU DO! YOU KNOW WHAT MOTHER CALLS YOU."
*Val.* "OH YES, I KNOW. YOU CALLS ME UGLY DUCKLING!"

CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL.

*Cousin Lizzie.* "NOW, CHARLES, WHEN YOU ARE NEAR ME, YOU REALLY MUST NOT GO ON YOUR KNEES!—PEOPLE ARE SURE TO MAKE REMARKS."

REGULAR IRREGULARITY.

*Passenger (in a hurry).* "IS THIS TRAIN PUNCTUAL?"
*Porter.* "YESSIR, GENERALLY A QUARTER OF AN HOUR LATE TO A MINUTE!"

"SUNNY MEMORIES OF FOREIGN LANDS."

*Newsvendor.* "*TIMES* A' GONE, SIR; BUT HERE'S THE *SCOTSMAN*."
*Swell.* "HAW—AW! CAN I WEAD IT? IS IT—HAW—WITTEN IN ENGLISH?"

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AN AWKWARD MOMENT.

*Light Porter (with a heavy load).* "NOW THEN, STOOPID, WHERE ARE YER COMING TO?"

AMPLE PROTECTION.

*Youth.* "YOU NEEDN'T BE AFRAID, MA'AM. STAND BEHIND ME!"

*Old Lady.* "AH THIN, BAD LUCK TO YE, GRIGORY! WHERE'S YOUR MANNERS? ONE WOULD THINK YE WAS IN A GINTLEMAN'S HOUSE, STANDIN' BEFORE THE FIRE WITH YER COAT-TAILS UP, AND LADIES PRESENT, TOO!"

SEVERE.

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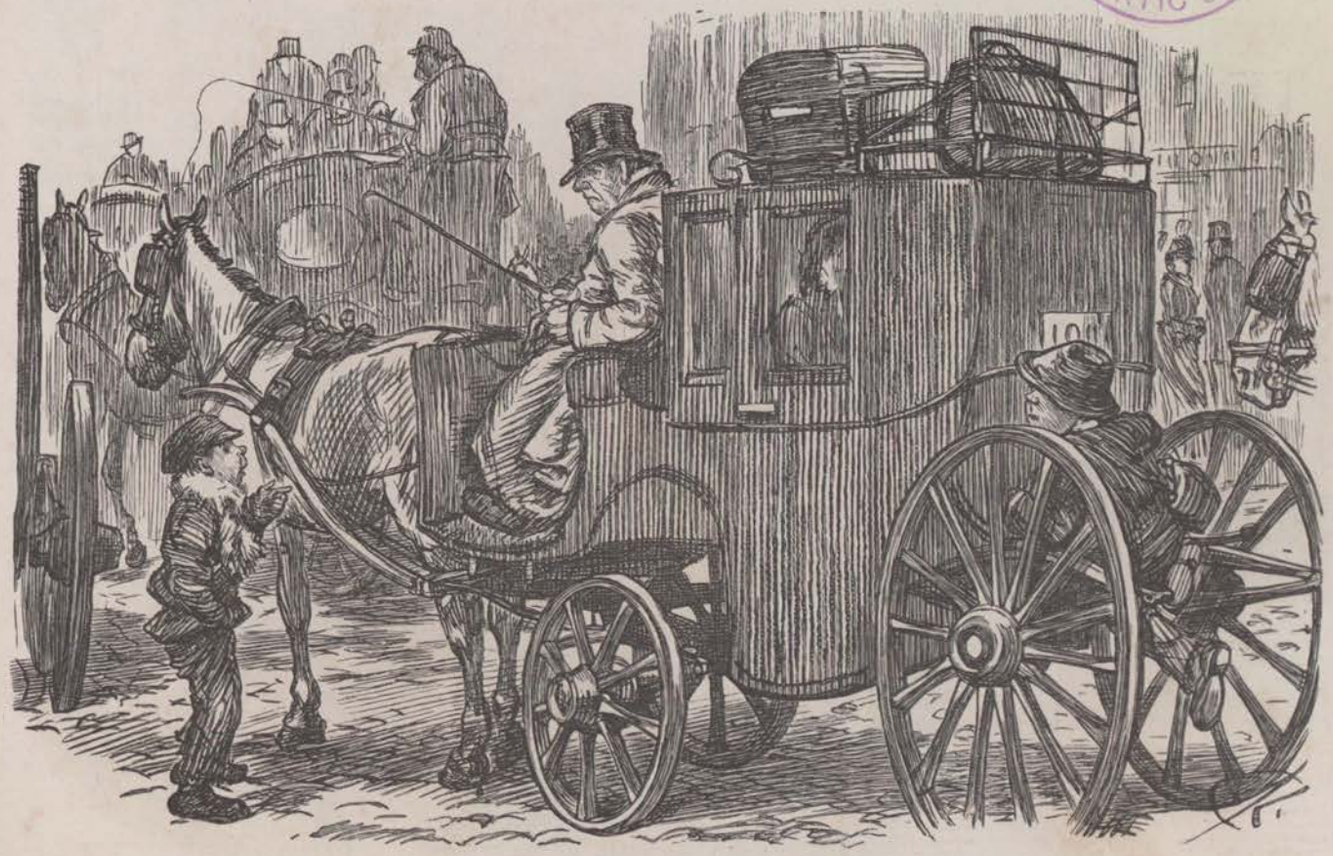

THE IRREPRESSIBLE.

*Street Boy (to Cabby, in a Block).* "LOOK 'ERE, ARE YOU A GOIN' ON WI' THIS FOUR-WHEELER?—'R ELSE ME AN' MY FRIEND 'LL GET DOWN AN' WALK!" [*Retires hastily.*

"DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE."

*Near-Side Passenger.* "HE EVIDENTLY WANTS TO RACE YOU."

*Driver (disdainfully).* "BUT YOU DON'T SUPPOSE FOR A MOMENT, SIR, THAT I'M A-GOIN' TO RACE WITH ONE O' THEM TWOPENNY YALLERS?"

"THE UPPER TEN."

*Stationary Cabby.* "HULLO! WHERE ARE YE OFF TO?"

*Second Cabby.* "HOME, OF COURSE. A FOUR-WHEELER IS QUITE RESPECTABLE ENOUGH FOR ANYBODY THAT WOULD BE OUT ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS."

ZEALOUS!

*Shoe-black (to friend who has had his Photograph taken).* "WELL, I WOULD A HAD MY BOOTS SHINED RESPECTIBLE FUST, IF I'D A BEEN YOU."

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SELF-CONDEMNATION.

*Lady.* "NEWCOME! NEWCOME! THE POLE OF THE CARRIAGE BEHIND HAS COME RIGHT THROUGH!"
*Coachman.* "YOU DON'T SAY SO, MY LADY; BUT SOME COACHMEN IS SO WERRY CARELESS."

A "HUNTING FIXTURE."

HUNG UP ON A STILE, AND HOUNDS RUNNING LIKE MAD.

A RAID ON A COCKROACH CLUB.

A COURSING MATCH—FROM THE HARE'S POINT OF VIEW.

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"READY, AYE READY!"

*Friend (who has kindly caught the Sporting Rector's horse).* "I SAY, I SHALL TELL YOUR PARISHIONERS YOU'VE TURNED BAPTIST, AND GONE IN FOR 'TOTAL IMMERSION'!"

*Sporting Rector (just out of it).* "THEY WON'T BELIEVE YOU, AS I SHALL BE 'HIGH AND DRY' BEFORE YOU GET BACK."

*Flunky.* "APOLLO? HAH! I DESSAY IT'S VERY CHEAP, BUT IT AINT MY IDEER OF A GOOD FIGGER!"

DIFFERENT PEOPLE HAVE DIFFERENT OPINIONS.

"NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FARE."

*The Rector's Wife (at School-Feast, to one of the Boys, who had been doing very "good business").* "WHAT'S THE MATTER, NOGGINS? DON'T YOU FEEL WELL?"

*Noggins.* "NO, M'M,—BUT—I'LL HEV—TO BE WUSS, M'M—AFORE I GIVE IN!"

## SOCIAL AGONIES.

*Herr Bauer.* "ACH! MY LIDDLE VRENT, MY POOTS ARE NOT MUTTY! VY ARE YOU TRYING TO PRUSH DEM?"
*Tommy.* "MAYN'T I? MUMMIE SAYS YOU WANT POLISH!"

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## A DISCUSSION ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

"A—I'VE NO DOUBT YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT IN *THEORY*, LADY HYPATIA. BUT I'M AFRAID THAT IN PRACTICE THE WORLD AT LARGE WON'T AGREE WITH YOU."

"WON'T IT? THEN IT OUGHTN'T TO *BE* AT LARGE!"

EXTRACT FROM THE CATALOGUE OF A RECENT SALE.

"A PAIR OF OLD-FASHIONED SNUFFERS. VERY RARE."

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*Vignette by* SIR JOHN TENNIEL . . . . . *Title page.*

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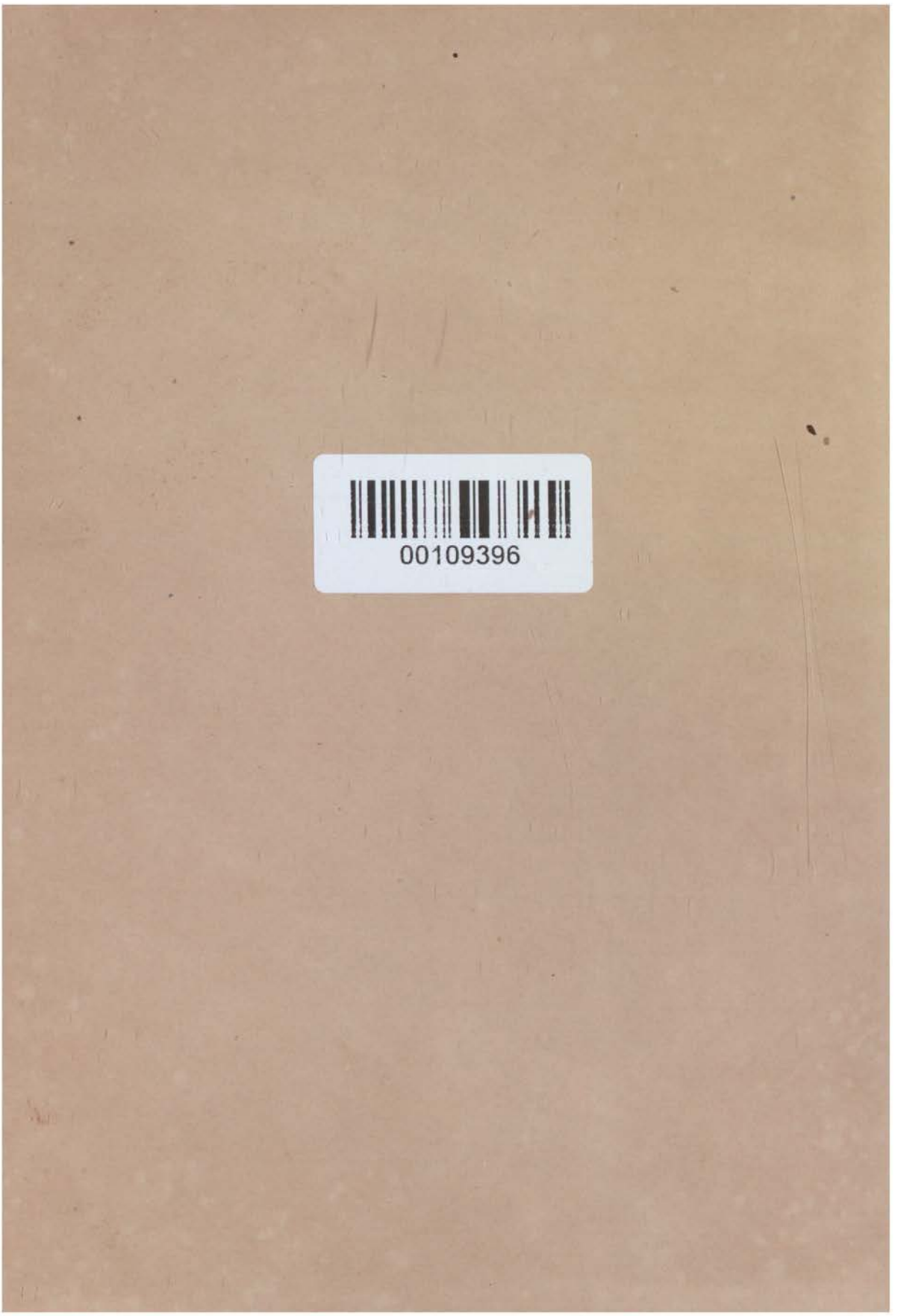


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